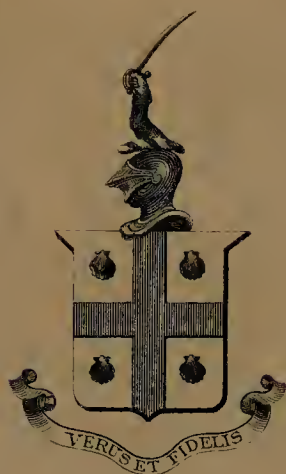


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THE
L I F E A N D W O R K S
OF
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

VOL. III.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

EDITED BY
PARKE GODWIN.

IN TWO VOLUMES:

Volume First.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
1, 3, AND 5 BOND STREET.
1883.

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P R E F A C E .

THE poems of Mr. Bryant, collected by him during his lifetime, are here given as he left them, with the exception that they are arranged according to the dates at which they were written or printed, as far as these dates, now attached to the poems, could be ascertained, and that the translations are put together under the same heading.

Some twenty hymns which Mr. Bryant printed in a small volume, but did not publish, together with a few not contained in that volume, are included in this edition.

To these are added several poems and translations, which Mr. Bryant sent from time to time to various periodicals, but which he had not yet included in any volume; and a few pieces never before published. As this general collection of his writings is intended to

be complete and final, it has a biographic as well as a literary purpose, and the editor therefore has not felt at liberty to omit any of his acknowledged pieces which may illustrate the qualities of his mind or the variety of his culture, desiring it to be understood, however, that they are presented without having received the final revision of the author.

A few notes have been appended to those of the author, giving various readings of the text, or explanatory of the circumstances in which certain poems were written.

P. G.

NEW YORK, 1882.

ORIGINAL PREFACES.

TO THE EDITION OF 1821.

THE first poem in this collection was delivered before a literary association. Some of the others have appeared before in different periodical publications, and are now by permission inserted in this volume.

TO THE EDITION OF 1832.

Most of the following poems have been already printed. The longest, entitled "The Ages," was published in 1821, in a thin volume, along with about half a dozen others now included in this collection. With a few exceptions, the remainder have since appeared in different publications, mostly of the periodical kind. The favor with which the public have regarded them, and of which their republication in various compilations seemed to the author a proof, has induced him to collect them in a volume. In preparing them for the press, he has made such corrections as occurred to him on subject-

ing them to a careful revision. Sensible as he is that no author had ever more cause of gratitude to his countrymen for the indulgent estimate placed by them on his literary attempts, he yet can not let this volume go forth to the public without a feeling of apprehension that it may contain things which did not deserve admission, and that the entire collection may not be thought worthy of the generous and partial judgment which has been passed upon some of the separate poems.

NEW YORK, *January*, 1832.

TO THE EDITION OF 1839.

The present edition, by the advice of the publishers, is somewhat enlarged. A few corrections have also been made in the text of the poems which were published in the other edition (that of 1836).

TO THE EDITION OF 1842.

The poems which compose this little volume have been written within the last five or six years—some of them merely as parts of a longer one planned by the author, which may possibly be finished hereafter. In the mean time he has been tempted to publish them in this form, by the reception which another collection of his verses has already met with among his countrymen.

NEW YORK, *July*, 1842.

TO THE EDITION OF 1846.

Perhaps it would have been well if the author had followed his original intention, which was to leave out of this edition, as unworthy of publication, several of the poems which made a part of his previous collections. He asks leave to plead the judgment of a literary friend,* whose opinion in such matters he highly values, as his apology for having retained them. With the exception of the first and longest poem in the collection, "The Ages," they are all arranged according to the order of time in which they were written, as far as it can be ascertained.†

NEW YORK, 1846.

TO THE EDITION OF 1854.

The present edition has been carefully revised by the author, and some faults of diction and versification corrected. A few poems not in the previous editions have been added.

NEW YORK, *August*, 1854.

TO THE EDITION OF 1863.

The author has attempted no other classification of the poems in this volume than that of allowing them to follow each other according to the order of time in which they were

* Mr. Richard H. Dana, of Boston.—*Ed.*

† Mistakes were made, however, in this respect, which the editor has tried to correct.

written. It has seemed to him that this arrangement is as satisfactory as any other, since, at different periods of life, an author's style and habits of thought may be supposed to undergo very considerable modifications. One poem forms an exception to this order of succession, and should have appeared in an earlier collection. Three others have already appeared in an illustrated edition of the author's poems.

NEW YORK, *December*, 1863.

CONTENTS.

Part First.

EARLIER POEMS.

	PAGE
THANATOPSIS	17
THE YELLOW VIOLET	21
INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A WOOD	23
THE HUNTER OF THE WEST	25
TO A WATERFOWL	26
THE BURIAL-PLACE	28
GREEN RIVER	31
A WINTER PIECE	34
"OH FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS"	39
THE WEST WIND	41
A WALK AT SUNSET	43
HYMN TO DEATH	46
THE AGES	53
THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT	68
ODE FOR AN AGRICULTURAL CELEBRATION	71
THE MASSACRE AT SCIO	73
MARCH	74
RIZPAH	76
THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL	80
THE RIVULET	82
TO ———	86
AN INDIAN STORY	87
SUMMER WIND	91
AN INDIAN AT THE BURIAL-PLACE OF HIS FATHERS	93
LOVE'S SEASONS	97

	PAGE
"I BROKE THE SPELL THAT HELD ME LONG"	99
HYMN OF THE WALDENSES	100
MONUMENT MOUNTAIN	102
AFTER A TEMPEST	108
AUTUMN WOODS	111
MUTATION	114
NOVEMBER	115
SONG OF THE GREEK AMAZON	116
TO A CLOUD	118
THE MURDERED TRAVELLER	120
HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR	122
THE LAPSE OF TIME	124
THE SONG OF THE STARS	127
A FOREST HYMN	130
JUNE	135

Part Second.

POEMS OF THE MIDDLE PERIOD.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF	141
THE GREEK PARTISAN	144
A SONG OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND	146
THE FIRMAMENT	148
LINES ON REVISITING THE COUNTRY	151
TO A MOSQUITO	153
THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS	157
A MEDITATION ON RHODE ISLAND COAL	160
"I CANNOT FORGET WITH WHAT FERVID DEVOTION"	165
THE NEW MOON	167
THE JOURNEY OF LIFE	169
THE GLADNESS OF NATURE	170
MIDSUMMER	172
A SUMMER RAMBLE	173
THE TWO GRAVES	176
THE CONJUNCTION OF JUPITER AND VENUS	180
OCTOBER	184
THE DAMSEL OF PERU	185
SPRING IN TOWN	188
THE DISINTERRED WARRIOR	191

	PAGE
A SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON	193
THE HURRICANE	195
WILLIAM TELL	198
THE PAST	199
"UPON THE MOUNTAIN'S DISTANT HEAD"	202
THE LAMENT OF ROMERO	203
THE GREEK BOY	207
THE HUNTER'S SERENADE	209
THE EVENING WIND	212
"WHEN THE FIRMAMENT QUIVERS"	214
"INNOCENT CHILD AND SNOW-WHITE FLOWER"	216
TO THE RIVER ARVE	217
TO COLE, THE PAINTER, DEPARTING FOR EUROPE	219
THE TWENTY-SECOND OF DECEMBER	220
TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN	221
HYMN OF THE CITY	223
SONG OF MARION'S MEN	225
THE PRAIRIES	228
THE ARCTIC LOVER	233
THE HUNTER OF THE PRAIRIES	235
EARTH	238
SEVENTY-SIX	242
TO THE APENNINES	244
THE KNIGHT'S EPITAPH	247
THE CHILD'S FUNERAL	250
THE LIVING LOST	253
THE HUNTER'S VISION	255
THE STRANGE LADY	258
LIFE	262
"EARTH'S CHILDREN CLEAVE TO EARTH"	265
THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS	266
CATTERSKILL FALLS	268
A PRESENTIMENT	273
THE BATTLE-FIELD	275
THE DEATH OF SCHILLER	278
THE FUTURE LIFE	280
THE FOUNTAIN	282
THE WINDS	288
IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM LEGGETT	292
THE OLD MAN'S COUNSEL	293
AN EVENING REVERY	297

	PAGE
A DREAM	300
THE PAINTED CUP	303
THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM	305
THE MAIDEN'S SORROW	308
A HYMN OF THE SEA	310
THE RETURN OF YOUTH	313
NOON	315
THE CROWDED STREET	318
THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER	321
THE WANING MOON	325
NOTES	329

Part First.

E A R L I E R P O E M S :

OR,

FROM A. D. 1811 TO A. D. 1825.

THANATOPSIS.

TO him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language ; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart ;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice.—

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more

In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix for ever with the elements,
 To be a brother to the insensible rock
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
 Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
 Couch more magnifieent. Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
 Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
 The venerable woods—rivers that move
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks
 That make the meadows green ; and, poured round
 all,
 Old Ocean's gray and melaneholy waste,—
 Are but the solemn decorations all

Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
 Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
 Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
 So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
 In silence from the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
 The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
 By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Cummington, 1811.

"North American Review," 1817.

THE YELLOW VIOLET.

WHEN beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mould,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
 And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
 Unapt the passing view to meet,
 When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
 Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
 But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
 I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget
 The friends in darker fortunes tried.
 I copied them—but I regret
 That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
 Awakes the painted tribes of light.
 I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
 That made the woods of April bright.

Cummington, 1814.

Edition of 1821.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A
WOOD.

STRANGER, if thou hast learned a truth which
needs

No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to guilt
Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence, these shades
Are still the abodes of gladness; the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while below

The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
 Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade
 Try their thin wings and dance in the warm beam
 That waked them into life. Even the green trees
 Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
 To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
 Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
 Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
 Existence than the wingèd plunderer
 That sucks its sweets. The mossy rocks themselves,
 And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
 That lead from knoll to knoll a causey rude
 Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
 With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
 Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
 Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
 Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
 Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
 In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
 Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
 That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
 That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
 Like one that loves thee nor will let thee pass
 Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

Cummington, 1815.

“North American Review,” 1817.

THE HUNTER OF THE WEST.

A S O N G.

S OON as the glazed and gleaming snow
 Reflects the day-dawn cold and clear,
 The hunter of the West must go
 In depth of woods to seek the deer.

His rifle on his shoulder placed,
 His stores of death arranged with skill,
 His moccasins and snow-shoes laced—
 Why lingers he beside the hill?

Far, in the dim and doubtful light,
 Where woody slopes a valley leave,
 He sees what none but lover might,
 The dwelling of his Genevieve.

And oft he turns his truant eye,
 And pauses oft, and lingers near;
 But when he marks the reddening sky,
 He bounds away to hunt the deer.

Cummington, 1815.

Edition of 1821.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
 The desert and illimitable air—
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
 At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
 And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
 Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
 Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
 Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
 And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
 Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
 In the long way that I must tread alone,
 Will lead my steps aright.

Plainfield, Dec., 1815.

"North American Review," 1818.

THE BURIAL-PLACE.

A FRAGMENT.

EREWHILE, on England's pleasant shores, our
sires

Left not their churchyards unadorned with shades
Or blossoms, but indulgent to the strong
And natural dread of man's last home, the grave,
Its frost and silence—they disposed around,
To soothe the melancholy spirit that dwelt
Too sadly on life's close, the forms and hues
Of vegetable beauty. There the yew,
Green ever amid the snows of winter, told
Of immortality, and gracefully
The willow, a perpetual mourner, drooped ;
And there the gadding woodbine crept about,
And there the ancient ivy. From the spot
Where the sweet maiden, in her blossoming years
Cut off, was laid with streaming eyes, and hands
That trembled as they placed her there, the rose
Sprung modest, on bowed stalk, and better spoke
Her graces, than the proudest monument.

There children set about their playmate's grave
 The pansy. On the infant's little bed,
 Wet at its planting with maternal tears,
 Emblem of early sweetness, early death,
 Nestled the lowly primrose. Childless dames,
 And maids that would not raise the reddened eye—
 Orphans, from whose young lids the light of joy
 Fled early—silent lovers, who had given
 All that they lived for to the arms of earth,
 Came often, o'er the recent graves to strew
 Their offerings, rue, and rosemary, and flowers.

The pilgrim bands who passed the sea to keep
 Their Sabbaths in the eye of God alone,
 In his wide temple of the wilderness,
 Brought not these simple customs of the heart
 With them. It might be, while they laid their dead
 By the vast solemn skirts of the old groves,
 And the fresh virgin soil poured forth strange flowers
 About their graves; and the familiar shades
 Of their own native isle, and wonted blooms,
 And herbs were wanting, which the pious hand
 Might plant or scatter there, these gentle rites
 Passed out of use. Now they are scarcely known,
 And rarely in our borders may you meet
 The tall larch, sighing in the burial-place,
 Or willow, trailing low its boughs to hide
 The gleaming marble. Naked rows of graves

And melancholy ranks of monuments
Are seen instead, where the coarse grass, between,
Shoots up its dull green spikes, and in the wind
Hisses, and the neglected bramble nigh,
Offers its berries to the schoolboy's hand,
In vain—they grow too near the dead. Yet here,
Nature, rebuking the neglect of man,
Plants often, by the ancient mossy stone,
The brier-rose, and upon the broken turf
That clothes the fresher grave, the strawberry plant
Sprinkles its swell with blossoms, and lays forth
Her ruddy, pouting fruit. . . .

Great Barrington, 1818.

Edition of 1832.

GREEN RIVER.

WHEN breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the waves they drink;
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

Yet pure its waters—its shallows are bright
With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,
And clear the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away,
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root,
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond-stone.
Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,

With blossoms, and birds, and wild-bees' hum ;
 The flowers of summer are fairest there,
 And freshest the breath of the summer air ;
 And sweetest the golden autumn day
 In silence and sunshine glides away.

Yet, fair as thou art, thou shunnest to glide,
 Beautiful stream ! by the village side ;
 But windest away from haunts of men,
 To quiet valley and shaded glen ;
 And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
 Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still,
 Lonely—save when, by thy rippling tides,
 From thicket to thicket the angler glides ;
 Or the simpler comes, with basket and book,
 For herbs of power on thy banks to look ;
 Or haply, some idle dreamer, like me,
 To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee,
 Still—save the chirp of birds that feed
 On the river cherry and seedy reed,
 And thy own wild music gushing out
 With mellow murmur of fairy shout,
 From dawn to the blush of another day,
 Like traveller singing along his way.

That fairy music I never hear,
 Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
 And mark them winding away from sight,

Darkened with shade or flashing with light,
 While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
 And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,
 But I wish that fate had left me free
 To wander these quiet haunts with thee,
 Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
 And the peace of the scene pass into my heart ;
 And I envy thy stream, as it glides along
 Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song.

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
 And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
 And mingle among the jostling crowd,
 Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud—
 I often come to this quiet place,
 To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
 And gaze upon thee in silent dream,
 For in thy lonely and lovely stream
 An image of that calm life appears
 That won my heart in my greener years.

Great Barrington, 1819.

Dana's "Idle Man," 1820.

A WINTER PIECE.

THE time has been that these wild solitudes,
Yet beautiful as wild, were trod by me
Oftener than now; and when the ills of life
Had chafed my spirit—when the unsteady pulse
Beat with strange flutterings—I would wander forth
And seek the woods. The sunshine on my path
Was to me as a friend. The swelling hills,
The quiet dells retiring far between,
With gentle invitation to explore
Their windings, were a calm society
That talked with me and soothed me. Then the chant
Of birds, and chime of brooks, and soft caress
Of the fresh sylvan air, made me forget
The thoughts that broke my peace, and I began
To gather simples by the fountain's brink,
And lose myself in day-dreams. While I stood
In Nature's loneliness, I was with one
With whom I early grew familiar, one
Who never had a frown for me, whose voice
Never rebuked me for the hours I stole

From cares I loved not, but of which the world
 Deems highest, to converse with her. When shrieked
 The bleak November winds, and smote the woods,
 And the brown fields were herbless, and the shades,
 That met above the merry rivulet,
 Were spoiled, I sought, I loved them still ; they
 seemed

Like old companions in adversity.
 Still there was beauty in my walks ; the brook,
 Bordered with sparkling frost-work, was as gay
 As with its fringe of summer flowers. Afar,
 The village with its spires, the path of streams
 And dim receding valleys, hid before
 By interposing trees, lay visible
 Through the bare grove, and my familiar haunts
 Seemed new to me. Nor was I slow to come
 Among them, when the clouds, from their still skirts,
 Had shaken down on earth the feathery snow,
 And all was white. The pure keen air abroad,
 Albeit it breathed no scent of herb, nor heard
 Love-call of bird nor merry hum of bee,
 Was not the air of death. Bright mosses crept
 Over the spotted trunks, and the close buds,
 That lay along the boughs, instinct with life,
 Patient, and waiting the soft breath of Spring,
 Feared not the piercing spirit of the North.
 The snow-bird twittered on the beechen bough,
 And 'neath the hemlock, whose thick branches bent

Beneath its bright cold burden, and kept dry
 A circle, on the earth, of withered leaves,
 The partridge found a shelter. Through the snow
 The rabbit sprang away. The lighter track
 Of fox, and the raccoon's broad path, were there,
 Crossing each other. From his hollow tree
 The squirrel was abroad, gathering the nuts
 Just fallen, that asked the winter cold and sway
 Of winter blast, to shake them from their hold.

But Winter has yet brighter scenes—he boasts
 Splendors beyond what gorgeous Summer knows;
 Or Autumn with his many fruits, and woods
 All flushed with many hues. Come when the rains
 Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice,
 While the slant sun of February pours
 Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
 The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
 And the broad arching portals of the grove
 Welcome thy entering. Look! the massy trunks
 Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,
 Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
 Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
 That glimmer with an amethystine light.
 But round the parent-stem the long low boughs
 Bend, in a glittering ring, and arbors hide
 The glassy floor. Oh! you might deem the spot
 The spacious cavern of some virgin mine,

Deep in the womb of earth—where the gems grow,
 And diamonds put forth radiant rods and bud
 With amethyst and topaz—and the place
 Lit up, most royally, with the pure beam
 That dwells in them. Or haply the vast hall
 Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night,
 And fades not in the glory of the sun;—
 Where crystal columns send forth slender shafts
 And crossing arches; and fantastic aisles
 Wind from the sight in brightness, and are lost
 Among the crowded pillars. Raise thine eye;
 Thou seest no cavern roof, no palace vault;
 There the blue sky and the white drifting cloud
 Look in. Again the wildered fancy dreams
 Of spouting fountains, frozen as they rose,
 And fixed, with all their branching jets, in air,
 And all their sluices sealed. All, all is light;
 Light without shade. But all shall pass away
 With the next sun. From numberless vast trunks
 Loosened, the crashing ice shall make a sound
 Like the far roar of rivers, and the eve
 Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was wont.

And it is pleasant, when the noisy streams
 Are just set free, and milder suns melt off
 The plashy snow, save only the firm drift
 In the deep glen or the close shade of pines—
 'Tis pleasant to behold the wreaths of smoke

Roll up among the maples of the hill,
 Where the shrill sound of youthful voices wakes
 The shriller echo, as the clear pure lymph,
 That from the wounded trees, in twinkling drops,
 Falls, mid the golden brightness of the morn,
 Is gathered in with brimming pails, and oft,
 Wielded by sturdy hands, the stroke of axe
 Makes the woods ring. Along the quiet air,
 Come and float calmly off the soft light clouds,
 Such as you see in summer, and the winds
 Scarce stir the branches. Lodged in sunny cleft,
 Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
 The little wind-flower, whose just opened eye
 Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at—
 Startling the loiterer in the naked groves
 With unexpected beauty, for the time
 Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar.
 And ere it comes, the encountering winds shall oft
 Muster their wrath again, and rapid clouds
 Shade heaven, and bounding on the frozen earth
 Shall fall their volleyed stores, rounded like hail
 And white like snow, and the loud North again
 Shall buffet the vexed forest in his rage.

Great Barrington, 1820.

Dana's "Idle Man," 1821.

“OH FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS.”

OH fairest of the rural maids!
 Thy birth was in the forest shades;
 Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
 Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
 Were ever in the sylvan wild;
 And all the beauty of the place
 Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
 Is in the light shade of thy locks;
 Thy step is as the wind, that weaves
 Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
 And silent waters heaven is seen;
 Their lashes are the herbs that look
 On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths, by foot unpressed,
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace, that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes, is there.

Stockbridge, 1820.

Edition of 1832.

THE WEST WIND.

BENEATH the forest's skirt I rest,
 Whose branching pines rise dark and high,
 And hear the breezes of the West
 Among the thread-like foliage sigh.

Sweet Zephyr! why that sound of woe?
 Is not thy home among the flowers?
 Do not the bright June roses blow,
 To meet thy kiss at morning hours?

And lo! thy glorious realm outspread—
 Yon stretching valleys, green and gay,
 And yon free hill-tops, o'er whose head
 The loose white clouds are borne away.

And there the full broad river runs,
 And many a fount wells fresh and sweet,
 To cool thee when the mid-day suns
 Have made thee faint beneath their heat.

Thou wind of joy, and youth, and love;
 Spirit of the new-wakened year!
 The sun in his blue realm above
 Smooths a bright path when thou art here.

In lawns the murmuring bee is heard,
 The wooing ring-dove in the shade;
 On thy soft breath, the new-fledged bird
 Takes wing, half happy, half afraid.

Ah! thou art like our wayward race;—
 When not a shade of pain or ill
 Dims the bright smile of Nature's face,
 Thou lov'st to sigh and murmur still.

Great Barrington, 1821.

Dana's "Idle Man," 1821.

A WALK AT SUNSET.

WHEN insect wings are glistening in the beam
 Of the low sun, and mountain-tops are bright,
 Oh, let me, by the crystal valley-stream,
 Wander amid the mild and mellow light;
 And while the wood-thrush pipes his evening lay,
 Give me one lonely hour to hymn the setting day.

Oh, sun! that o'er the western mountains now
 Goest down in glory! ever beautiful
 And blessed is thy radiance, whether thou
 Colorest the eastern heaven and night-mist cool,
 Till the bright day-star vanish, or on high
 Climbest and streamest thy white splendors from mid-sky.

Yet, loveliest are thy setting smiles, and fair,
 Fairest of all that earth beholds, the hues,
 That live among the clouds, and flush the air,
 Lingering and deepening at the hour of dews.
 Then softest gales are breathed, and softest heard
 The plaining voice of streams, and pensive note of bird.

They who here roamed, of yore, the forest wide,
 Felt, by such charm, their simple bosoms won;
 They deemed their quivered warrior, when he died,
 Went to bright isles beneath the setting sun;
 Where winds are aye at peace, and skies are fair,
 And purple-skirted clouds curtain the crimson air.

So, with the glories of the dying day,
 Its thousand trembling lights and changing hues,
 The memory of the brave who passed away
 Tenderly mingled;—fitting hour to muse
 On such grave theme, and sweet the dream that shed
 Brightness and beauty round the destiny of the dead.

For ages, on the silent forests here,
 Thy beams did fall before the red man came
 To dwell beneath them; in their shade the deer
 Fed, and feared not the arrow's deadly aim.
 Nor tree was felled, in all that world of woods,
 Save by the beaver's tooth, or winds, or rush of floods.

Then came the hunter tribes, and thou didst look,
 For ages, on their deeds in the hard chase,
 And well-fought wars; green sod and silver brook
 Took the first stain of blood; before thy face
 The warrior generations came and passed,
 And glory was laid up for many an age to last.

Now they are gone, gone as thy setting blaze
 Goes down the west, while night is pressing on,
 And with them the old tale of better days,
 And trophies of remembered power, are gone.
 Yon field that gives the harvest, where the plough
 Strikes the white bone, is all that tells their story now.

I stand upon their ashes in thy beam,
 The offspring of another race, I stand,
 Beside a stream they loved, this valley-stream;
 And where the night-fire of the quivered band
 Showed the gray oak by fits, and war-song rung,
 I teach the quiet shades the strains of this new tongue.

Farewell! but thou shalt come again—thy light
 Must shine on other changes, and behold
 The place of the thronged city still as night—
 States fallen—new empires built upon the old—
 But never shalt thou see these realms again
 Darkened by boundless groves, and roamed by savage
 men.

Great Barrington, 1821.

Dana's "Idle Man," 1821.

HYMN TO DEATH.

OH ! could I hope the wise and pure in heart
 Might hear my song without a frown, nor deem
 My voice unworthy of the theme it tries,—
 I would take up the hymn to Death, and say
 To the grim power, The world hath slandered thee
 And mocked thee. On thy dim and shadowy brow
 They place an iron crown, and call thee king
 Of terrors, and the spoiler of the world,
 Deadly assassin, that strik'st down the fair,
 The loved, the good—that breathest on the lights
 Of virtue set along the vale of life,
 And they go out in darkness. I am come,
 Not with reproaches, not with cries and prayers,
 Such as have stormed thy stern insensible ear
 From the beginning ; I am come to speak
 Thy praises. True it is, that I have wept
 Thy conquests, and may weep them yet again,
 And thou from some I love wilt take a life
 Dear to me as my own. Yet while the spell
 Is on my spirit, and I talk with thee

In sight of all thy trophies, face to face,
 Meet is it that my voice should utter forth
 Thy nobler triumphs; I will teach the world
 To thank thee. Who are thine accusers?—Who?
 The living!—they who never felt thy power,
 And know thee not. The curses of the wretch
 Whose crimes are ripe, his sufferings when thy hand
 Is on him, and the hour he dreads is come,
 Are writ among thy praises. But the good—
 Does he whom thy kind hand dismissed to peace,
 Upbraid the gentle violence that took off
 His fetters, and unbarred his prison-cell?

Raise then the hymn to Death. Deliverer!
 God hath anointed thee to free the oppressed
 And crush the oppressor. When the armed chief,
 The conqueror of nations, walks the world,
 And it is changed beneath his feet, and all
 Its kingdoms melt into one mighty realm—
 Thou, while his head is loftiest and his heart
 Blasphemes, imagining his own right hand
 Almighty, thou dost set thy sudden grasp
 Upon him, and the links of that strong chain
 Which bound mankind are crumbled; thou dost break
 Sceptre and crown, and beat his throne to dust.
 Then the earth shouts with gladness, and her tribes
 Gather within their ancient bounds again.
 Else had the mighty of the olden time,

Nimrod, Sesostris, or the youth who feigned
 His birth from Libyan Ammon, smitten yet
 The nations with a rod of iron, and driven
 Their chariot o'er our necks. Thou dost avenge,
 In thy good time, the wrongs of those who know
 No other friend. Nor dost thou interpose
 Only to lay the sufferer asleep,
 Where he who made him wretched troubles not
 His rest—thou dost strike down his tyrant too.
 Oh, there is joy when hands that held the scourge
 Drop lifeless, and the pitiless heart is cold.
 Thou too dost purge from earth its horrible
 And old idolatries;—from the proud fanes
 Each to his grave their priests go out, till none
 Is left to teach their worship; then the fires
 Of sacrifice are chilled, and the green moss
 O'ercreeeps their altars; the fallen images
 Cumber the weedy courts, and for loud hymns,
 Chanted by kneeling multitudes, the wind
 Shrieks in the solitary aisles. When he
 Who gives his life to guilt, and laughs at all
 The laws that God or man has made, and round
 Hedges his seat with power, and shines in wealth,—
 Lifts up his atheist front to scoff at Heaven,
 And celebrates his shame in open day,
 Thou, in the pride of all his crimes, cutt'st off
 The horrible example. Touched by thine,
 The extortioner's hard hand foregoes the gold

Wrung from the o'er-worn poor. The perjurer,
 Whose tongue was lithe, e'en now, and voluble
 Against his neighbor's life, and he who laughed
 And leaped for joy to see a spotless fame
 Blasted before his own foul calumnies,
 Are smit with deadly silence. He, who sold
 His conscience to preserve a worthless life,
 Even while he hugs himself on his escape,
 Trembles, as, doubly terrible, at length,
 Thy steps o'ertake him, and there is no time
 For parley, nor will bribes unclench thy grasp.
 Oft, too, dost thou reform thy victim, long
 Ere his last hour. And when the reveller,
 Mad in the chase of pleasure, stretches on,
 And strains each nerve, and clears the path of life
 Like wind, thou point'st him to the dreadful goal,
 And shak'st thy hour-glass in his reeling eye,
 And check'st him in mid course. Thy skeleton hand
 Shows to the faint of spirit the right path,
 And he is warned, and fears to step aside.
 Thou sett'st between the ruffian and his crime
 Thy ghastly countenance, and his slack hand
 Drops the drawn knife. But, oh, most fearfully
 Dost thou show forth Heaven's justice, when thy shafts
 Drink up the ebbing spirit—then the hard
 Of heart and violent of hand restores
 The treasure to the friendless wretch he wronged.
 Then from the writhing bosom thou dost pluck

The guilty secret ; lips, for ages sealed,
 Are faithless to their dreadful trust at length,
 And give it up ; the felon's latest breath
 Absolves the innocent man who bears his crime ;
 The slanderer, horror-smitten, and in tears,
 Recalls the deadly obloquy he forged
 To work his brother's ruin. Thou dost make
 Thy penitent victim utter to the air
 The dark conspiracy that strikes at life,
 And aims to whelm the laws ; ere yet the hour
 Is come, and the dread sign of murder given.

Thus, from the first of time, hast thou been found
 On virtue's side ; the wicked, but for thee,
 Had been too strong for the good ; the great of earth
 Had crushed the weak for ever. Schooled in guile
 For ages, while each passing year had brought
 Its baneful lesson, they had filled the world
 With their abominations ; while its tribes,
 Trodden to earth, imbruted, and despoiled,
 Had knelt to them in worship ; sacrifice
 Had smoked on many an altar, temple-roofs
 Had echoed with the blasphemous prayer and hymn :
 But thou, the great reformer of the world,
 Tak'st off the sons of violence and fraud
 In their green pupilage, their lore half learned—
 Ere guilt had quite o'errun the simple heart
 God gave them at their birth, and blotted out

His image. Thou dost mark them flushed with hope,
 As on the threshold of their vast designs
 Doubtful and loose they stand, and strik'st them down.

.

Alas! I little thought that the stern power,
 Whose fearful praise I sang, would try me thus
 Before the strain was ended. It must cease—
 For he is in his grave who taught my youth
 The art of verse, and in the bud of life
 Offered me to the Muses. Oh, cut off
 Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,
 Ripened by years of toil and studious search,
 And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught
 Thy hand to practise best the lenient art
 To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
 And, last, thy life. And, therefore, when the earth
 Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes
 And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed thy skill
 Delayed their death-hour, shuddered and turned pale
 When thou wert gone. This faltering verse, which thou
 Shalt not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I have
 To offer at thy grave—this—and the hope
 To copy thy example, and to leave
 A name of which the wretched shall not think
 As of an enemy's, whom they forgive
 As all forgive the dead. Rest, therefore, thou
 Whose early guidance trained my infant steps—
 Rest, in the bosom of God, till the brief sleep

Of death is over, and a happier life
Shall dawn to waken thine insensible dust.

Now thou art not—and yet the men whose guilt
Has wearied Heaven for vengeance—he who bears
False witness—he who takes the orphan's bread,
And robs the widow—he who spreads abroad
Polluted hands in mockery of prayer,
Are left to cumber earth. Shuddering I look
On what is written, yet I blot not out
The desultory numbers; let them stand,
The record of an idle revery.

Great Barrington, 1820.

“New York Review,” October, 1825.

THE AGES.

I.

WHEN to the common rest that crowns our
 days,
 Called in the noon of life, the good man goes,
 Or full of years, and ripe in wisdom, lays
 His silver temples in their last repose ;
 When, o'er the buds of youth, the death-wind blows
 And blights the fairest ; when our bitter tears
 Stream, as the eyes of those that love us close,
 We think on what they were, with many fears
 Lest goodness die with them, and leave the coming
 years.

II.

And therefore, to our hearts, the days gone by,
 When lived the honored sage whose death we wept,
 And the soft virtues beamed from many an eye,
 And beat in many a heart that long has slept—
 Like spots of earth where angel-feet have stepped,
 Are holy ; and high-dreaming bards have told

Of times when worth was crowned, and faith was
 kept,
 Ere friendship grew a snare, or love waxed cold—
 Those pure and happy times—the golden days of old.

III.

Peace to the just man's memory; let it grow
 Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
 Of ages; let the mimic canvas show
 His calm benevolent features; let the light
 Stream on his deeds of love, that shunned the sight
 Of all but heaven, and in the book of fame
 The glorious record of his virtues write
 And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
 A palm like his, and catch from him the hallowed
 flame.

IV.

But oh, despair not of their fate who rise
 To dwell upon the earth when we withdraw!
 Lo! the same shaft by which the righteous dies,
 Strikes through the wretch that scoffed at mercy's law
 And trode his brethren down, and felt no awe
 Of Him who will avenge them. Stainless worth,
 Such as the sternest age of virtue saw,
 Ripens, meanwhile, till time shall call it forth
 From the low modest shade, to light and bless the
 earth.

v.

Has Nature, in her calm, majestic march,
 Faltered with age at last? does the bright sun
 Grow dim in heaven? or, in their far blue arch,
 Sparkle the crowd of stars, when day is done,
 Less brightly? when the dew-lipped Spring comes
 on,
 Breathes she with airs less soft, or scents the sky
 With flowers less fair than when her reign begun?
 Does prodigal Autumn, to our age, deny
 The plenty that once swelled beneath his sober eye?

vi.

Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth
 In her fair page; see, every season brings
 New change, to her, of everlasting youth;
 Still the green soil, with joyous living things,
 Swarms, the wide air is full of joyous wings,
 And myriads, still, are happy in the sleep
 Of ocean's azure gulfs, and where he flings
 The restless surge. Eternal Love doth keep,
 In his complacent arms, the earth, the air, the deep.

vii.

Will then the merciful One, who stamped our
 race
 With his own image, and who gave them sway

O'er earth, and the glad dwellers on her face,
 Now that our swarming nations far away
 Are spread, where'er the moist earth drinks the
 day,
 Forget the ancient care that taught and nursed
 His latest offspring? will he quench the ray
 Infused by his own forming smile at first,
 And leave a work so fair all blighted and accursed?

VIII.

Oh, no! a thousand cheerful omens give
 Hope of yet happier days, whose dawn is nigh.
 He who has tamed the elements, shall not live
 The slave of his own passions; he whose eye
 Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky,
 And in the abyss of brightness dares to span
 The sun's broad circle, rising yet more high,
 In God's magnificent works his will shall scan—
 And love and peace shall make their paradise with
 man.

IX.

Sit at the feet of History—through the night
 Of years the steps of virtue she shall trace,
 And show the earlier ages, where her sight
 Can pierce the eternal shadows o'er their face;—
 When, from the genial cradle of our race,
 Went forth the tribes of men, their pleasant lot

To choose, where palm-groves cooled their dwelling-
place,
Or freshening rivers ran ; and there forgot
The truth of heaven, and kneeled to gods that heard
them not.

X.

Then waited not the murderer for the night,
But smote his brother down in the bright day,
And he who felt the wrong, and had the might,
His own avenger, girt himself to slay ;
Beside the path the unburied carcass lay ;
The shepherd, by the fountains of the glen,
Fled, while the robber swept his flock away,
And slew his babes. The sick, untended then,
Languished in the damp shade, and died afar from men

XI.

But misery brought in love ; in passion's strife
Man gave his heart to mercy, pleading long,
And sought out gentle deeds to gladden life ;
The weak, against the sons of spoil and wrong,
Banded, and watched their hamlets, and grew
strong ;
States rose, and, in the shadow of their might,
The timid rested. To the reverent throng,
Grave and time-wrinkled men, with locks all white,
Gave laws, and judged their strifes, and taught the way
of right ;

XII.

Till bolder spirits seized the rule, and nailed
On men the yoke that man should never bear,
And drove them forth to battle. Lo! unveiled
The scene of those stern ages! What is there?
A boundless sea of blood, and the wild air
Moans with the crimsoned surges that entomb
Cities and bannered armies; forms that wear
The kingly circlet rise, amid the gloom,
O'er the dark wave, and straight are swallowed in its
womb.

XIII.

Those ages have no memory, but they left
A record in the desert—columns strown
On the waste sands, and statues fallen and cleft,
Heaped like a host in battle overthrown;
Vast ruins, where the mountain's ribs of stone
Were hewn into a city; streets that spread
In the dark earth, where never breath has blown
Of heaven's sweet air, nor foot of man dares tread
The long and perilous ways—the Cities of the Dead!

XIV.

And tombs of monarchs to the clouds up-piled—
They perished, but the eternal tombs remain—
And the black precipice, abrupt and wild,
Pierced by long toil and hollowed to a fane;

Huge piers and frowning forms of gods sustain
 The everlasting arches, dark and wide,
 Like the night-heaven, when clouds are black with
 rain.

But idly skill was tasked, and strength was plied,
 All was the work of slaves to swell a despot's pride.

XV.

And Virtue cannot dwell with slaves, nor reign
 O'er those who cower to take a tyrant's yoke;
 She left the down-trod nations in disdain,
 And flew to Greece, when Liberty awoke,
 New-born, amid those glorious vales, and broke
 Sceptre and chain with her fair youthful hands,
 As rocks are shivered in the thunder-stroke.
 And lo! in full-grown strength, an empire stands
 Of leagued and rival states, the wonder of the lands.

XVI.

Oh, Greece! thy flourishing cities were a spoil
 Unto each other; thy hard hand oppressed
 And crushed the helpless; thou didst make thy soil
 Drunk with the blood of those that loved thee best;
 And thou didst drive, from thy unnatural breast,
 Thy just and brave to die in distant climes;
 Earth shuddered at thy deeds, and sighed for rest
 From thine abominations; after-times,
 That yet shall read thy tale, will tremble at thy crimes!

XVII.

Yet there was that within thee which has saved
Thy glory, and redeemed thy blotted name ;
The story of thy better deeds, engraved
On fame's unmouldering pillar, puts to shame
Our chiller virtue ; the high art to tame
The whirlwind of the passions was thy own ;
And the pure ray, that from thy bosom came,
Far over many a land and age has shone,
And mingles with the light that beams from God's own
throne.

XVIII.

And Rome—thy sterner, younger sister, she
Who awed the world with her imperial frown—
Rome drew the spirit of her race from thee,
The rival of thy shame and thy renown.
Yet her degenerate children sold the crown
Of earth's wide kingdoms to a line of slaves ;
Guilt reigned, and woe with guilt, and plagues came
down,
Till the north broke its floodgates, and the waves
Whelmed the degraded race, and weltered o'er their
graves.

XIX.

Vainly that ray of brightness from above,
That shone around the Galilean lake,

The light of hope, the leading star of love,
 Struggled, the darkness of that day to break ;
 Even its own faithless guardians strove to slake,
 In fogs of earth, the pure ethereal flame ;
 And priestly hands, for Jesus' blessed sake,
 Were red with blood, and charity became,
 In that stern war of forms, a mockery and a name.

XX.

They triumphed, and less bloody rites were kept
 Within the quiet of the convent-cell ;
 The well-fed inmates pattered prayer, and slept,
 And sinned, and liked their easy penance well.
 Where pleasant was the spot for men to dwell,
 Amid its fair broad lands the abbey lay,
 Sheltering dark orgies that were shame to tell,
 And cowed and barefoot beggars swarmed the
 way,
 All in their convent weeds, of black, and white, and
 gray.

XXI.

Oh, sweetly the returning muses' strain
 Swelled over that famed stream, whose gentle tide
 In their bright lap the Etrurian vales detain,
 Sweet, as when winter storms have ceased to chide,
 And all the new-leaved woods, resounding wide,
 Send out wild hymns upon the scented air.

Lo! to the smiling Arno's classic side
 The emulous nations of the West repair,
 And kindle their quenched urns, and drink fresh spirit
 there.

XXII.

Still, Heaven deferred the hour ordained to rend
 From saintly rottenness the sacred stole;
 And cowl and worshipped shrine could still defend
 The wretch with felon stains upon his soul;
 And crimes were set to sale, and hard his dole
 Who could not bribe a passage to the skies;
 And vice, beneath the mitre's kind control,
 Sinned gayly on, and grew to giant size,
 Shielded by priestly power, and watched by priestly
 eyes.

XXIII.

At last the earthquake came—the shock, that
 hurled
 To dust, in many fragments dashed and strown,
 The throne, whose roots were in another world,
 And whose far-stretching shadow awed our own.
 From many a proud monastic pile, o'erthrown,
 Fear-struck, the hooded inmates rushed and fled;
 The web, that for a thousand years had grown
 O'er prostrate Europe, in that day of dread
 Crumbled and fell, as fire dissolves the flaxen thread.

XXIV.

The spirit of that day is still awake,
And spreads himself, and shall not sleep again ;
But through the idle mesh of power shall break
Like billows o'er the Asian monarch's chain ;
Till men are filled with him, and feel how vain,
Instead of the pure heart and innocent hands,
Are all the proud and pompous modes to gain
The smile of Heaven ;—till a new age expands
Its white and holy wings above the peaceful lands.

XXV.

For look again on the past years ;—behold,
How like the nightmare's dreams have flown away
Horrible forms of worship that of old
Held, o'er the shuddering realms, unquestioned sway :
See crimes, that once feared not the eye of day,
Rooted from men, without a name or place :
See nations blotted out from earth, to pay
The forfeit of deep guilt ;—with glad embrace
The fair disburdened lands welcome a nobler race.

XXVI.

Thus error's monstrous shapes from earth are driven ;
They fade, they fly—but Truth survives their flight ;
Earth has no shades to quench that beam of heaven ;
Each ray that shone, in early time, to light

The faltering footstep in the path of right,
 Each gleam of clearer brightness shed to aid
 In man's maturer day his bolder sight,
 All blended, like the rainbow's radiant braid,
 Pour yet, and still shall pour, the blaze that cannot fade.

XXVII.

Late, from this Western shore, that morning chased
 The deep and ancient night, which threw its shroud
 O'er the green land of groves, the beautiful waste,
 Nurse of full streams, and lifter-up of proud
 Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud.
 Erewhile, where yon gay spires their brightness rear,
 Trees waved, and the brown hunter's shouts were
 loud
 Amid the forest; and the bounding deer
 Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt wolf yelled
 near.

XXVIII.

And where his willing waves yon bright blue bay
 Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,
 And cradles, in his soft embrace, the gay
 Young group of grassy islands born of him,
 And crowding nigh, or in the distance dim,
 Lifts the white throng of sails, that bear or bring
 The commerce of the world;—with tawny limb,
 And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,
 The savage urged his skiff like wild bird on the wing.

XXIX.

Then all this youthful paradise around,
 And all the broad and boundless mainland, lay
 Cooled by the interminable wood, that frowned
 O'er mount and vale, where never summer ray
 Glanced, till the strong tornado broke his way
 Through the gray giants of the sylvan wild ;
 Yet many a sheltered glade, with blossoms gay
 Beneath the showery sky and sunshine mild,
 Within the shaggy arms of that dark forest smiled.

XXX.

There stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake
 Spread its blue sheet that flashed with many an oar,
 Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake,
 And the deer drank : as the light gale flew o'er,
 The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shore ;
 And while that spot, so wild, and lone, and fair,
 A look of glad and guiltless beauty wore,
 And peace was on the earth and in the air,
 The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there.

XXXI.

Not unavenged—the foeman, from the wood,
 Beheld the deed, and, when the midnight shade
 Was stillest, gorged his battle-axe with blood ;
 All died—the wailing babe—the shrinking maid—

And in the flood of fire that scathed the glade,
 The roofs went down; but deep the silence grew,
 When on the dewy woods the day-beam played;
 No more the cabin-smokes rose wreathed and blue,
 And ever, by their lake, lay moored the bark canoe.

XXXII.

Look now abroad—another race has filled
 These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
 And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
 The land is full of harvests and green meads;
 Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
 Shine, disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
 Their virgin waters; the full region leads
 New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
 Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.

XXXIII.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
 Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
 A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
 Or curb his swiftness in the forward race?
 On, like the comet's way through infinite space,
 Stretches the long untravelled path of light,
 Into the depths of ages; we may trace,
 Afar, the brightening glory of its flight,
 Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

XXXIV.

Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
And writhes in shackles; strong the arms that chain
To earth her struggling multitude of states;
She too is strong, and might not chafe in vain
Against them, but might cast to earth the train
That trample her, and break their iron net.
Yes, she shall look on brighter days and gain
The meed of worthier deeds; the moment set
To rescue and raise up, draws near—but is not yet.

XXXV.

But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
Save with thy children—thy maternal care,
Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all—
These are thy fetters—seas and stormy air
Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where,
Among thy gallant sons who guard thee well,
Thou laugh'st at enemies: who shall then declare
The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
How happy in thy lap the sons of men shall dwell?

Great Barrington, 1821.

Edition of 1821.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

AN Indian girl was sitting where
Her lover, slain in battle, slept;
Her maiden veil, her own black hair,
Came down o'er eyes that wept;
And wildly, in her woodland tongue,
This sad and simple lay she sung:

"I've pulled away the shrubs that grew
Too close above thy sleeping head,
And broke the forest-boughs that threw
Their shadows o'er thy bed,
That, shining from the sweet southwest,
The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.

"It was a weary, weary road
That led thee to the pleasant coast,
Where thou, in his serene abode,
Hast met thy father's ghost;
Where everlasting autumn lies
On yellow woods and sunny skies.

" 'Twas I the broidered mocsen made,
 That shod thee for that distant land;
 'Twas I thy bow and arrows laid
 Beside thy still cold hand;
 Thy bow in many a battle bent,
 Thy arrows never vainly sent.

" With wampum-belts I crossed thy breast,
 And wrapped thee in the bison's hide,
 And laid the food that pleased thee best,
 In plenty, by thy side,
 And decked thee bravely, as became
 A warrior of illustrious name.

" Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast passed
 The long dark journey of the grave,
 And in the land of light, at last,
 Hast joined the good and brave;
 Amid the flushed and balmy air,
 The bravest and the loveliest there.

" Yet, oft to thine own Indian maid
 Even there thy thoughts will earthward stray—
 To her who sits where thou wert laid,
 And weeps the hours away,
 Yet almost can her grief forget,
 To think that thou dost love her yet.

“And thou, by one of those still lakes
That in a shining cluster lie,
On which the south wind scarcely breaks
The image of the sky,
A bower for thee and me hast made
Beneath the many-colored shade.

“And thou dost wait and watch to meet
My spirit sent to join the blessed,
And, wondering what detains my feet
From that bright land of rest,
Dost seem, in every sound, to hear
The rustling of my footsteps near.”

Great Barrington, 1823.

“New York Review,” January, 1825.

ODE FOR AN AGRICULTURAL CELEBRATION.*

FAR back in the ages,
 The plough with wreaths was crowned;
 The hands of kings and sages
 Entwined the chaplet round;
 Till men of spoil disdained the toil
 By which the world was nourished,
 And dews of blood enriched the soil
 Where green their laurels flourished.
 —Now the world her fault repairs—
 The guilt that stains her story;
 And weeps her crimes amid the cares
 That formed her earliest glory.

The proud throne shall crumble,
 The diadem shall wane,
 The tribes of earth shall humble
 The pride of those who reign;

* Sung at the Cattle Show of the Berkshire Agricultural Society in 1823.—*Ed.*

And War shall lay his pomp away ;—
The fame that heroes cherish,
The glory earned in deadly fray
Shall fade, decay, and perish.
Honor waits, o'er all the earth,
Through endless generations,
The art that calls her harvest forth,
And feeds th' expectant nations.

THE MASSACRE AT SCIO.

WEEP not for Scio's children slain;
 Their blood, by Turkish falchions shed,
 Sends not its cry to Heaven in vain
 For vengeance on the murderer's head.

Though high the warm red torrent ran
 Between the flames that lit the sky,
 Yet, for each drop, an armed man
 Shall rise, to free the land, or die.

And for each corpse, that in the sea
 Was thrown, to feast the scaly herds,
 A hundred of the foe shall be
 A banquet for the mountain-birds.

Stern rites and sad shall Greece ordain
 To keep that day along her shore,
 Till the last link of slavery's chain
 Is shattered, to be worn no more.

MARCH.

THE stormy March is come at last,
 With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
 I hear the rushing of the blast,
 That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
 Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee;
 Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
 Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to northern lands, again
 The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
 And thou hast joined the gentle train
 And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
 Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
 When the changed winds are soft and warm,
 And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
In joy that they again are free,
And, brightly leaping down the hills,
Renew their journey to the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

Great Barrington, March, 1824.

"United States Literary Gazette," June 1, 1824.

RIZPAH.

And he delivered them into the hands of the Gibeonites, and they hanged them in the hill before the Lord ; and they fell all seven together, and were put to death in the days of the harvest, in the first days, in the beginning of barley-harvest.

And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until the water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest upon them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.

2 SAMUEL, xxi. 10.

HEAR what the desolate Rizpah said,
 As on Gibeah's rocks she watched the dead.
 The sons of Michal before her lay,
 And her own fair children, dearer than they :
 By a death of shame they all had died,
 And were stretched on the bare rock, side by side.
 And Rizpah, once the loveliest of all
 That bloomed and smiled in the court of Saul,
 All wasted with watching and famine now,
 And scorched by the sun her haggard brow,
 Sat mournfully guarding their corpses there,
 And murmured a strange and solemn air ;

The low, heart-broken, and wailing strain
Of a mother that mourns her children slain :

“I have made the crags my home, and spread
On their desert backs my sackcloth bed ;
I have eaten the bitter herb of the rocks,
And drunk the midnight dew in my locks ;
I have wept till I could not weep, and the pain
Of the burning eyeballs went to my brain.
Seven blackened corpses before me lie,
In the blaze of the sun and the winds of the sky.
I have watched them through the burning day,
And driven the vulture and raven away ;
And the cormorant wheeled in circles round,
Yet feared to alight on the guarded ground.
And when the shadows of twilight came,
I have seen the hyena’s eyes of flame,
And heard at my side his stealthy tread,
But aye at my shout the savage fled :
And I threw the lighted brand to fright
The jackal and wolf that yelled in the night.

“Ye were foully murdered, my hapless sons,
By the hands of wicked and cruel ones ;
Ye fell, in your fresh and blooming prime,
All innocent, for your father’s crime.
He sinned—but he paid the price of his guilt
When his blood by a nameless hand was spilt ;

When he strove with the heathen host in vain,
 And fell with the flower of his people slain,
 And the sceptre his children's hands should sway
 From his injured lineage passed away.

“But I hoped that the cottage-roof would be
 A safe retreat for my sons and me;
 And that while they ripened to manhood fast,
 They should wean my thoughts from the woes of the
 past;
 And my bosom swelled with a mother's pride,
 As they stood in their beauty and strength by my side
 Tall like their sire, with the princely grace
 Of his stately form, and the bloom of his face.

“Oh, what an hour for a mother's heart,
 When the pitiless ruffians tore us apart!
 When I clasped their knees and wept and prayed,
 And struggled and shrieked to Heaven for aid,
 And clung to my sons with desperate strength,
 Till the murderers loosed my hold at length,
 And bore me breathless and faint aside,
 In their iron arms, while my children died.
 They died—and the mother that gave them birth
 Is forbid to cover their bones with earth.

“The barley-harvest was nodding white,
 When my children died on the rocky height,

And the reapers were singing on hill and plain,
When I came to my task of sorrow and pain.
But now the season of rain is nigh,
The sun is dim in the thickening sky,
And the clouds in sullen darkness rest
Where he hides his light at the doors of the west.
I hear the howl of the wind that brings
The long drear storm on its heavy wings;
But the howling wind and the driving rain
Will beat on my houseless head in vain:
I shall stay, from my murdered sons to scare
The beasts of the desert, and fowls of air."

Great Barrington, 1824.

"United States Literary Gazette," April 1, 1824.

THE OLD MAN'S FUNERAL.

I SAW an aged man upon his bier,
 His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
 A record of the cares of many a year;—
 Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
 And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
 And woman's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud.

Then rose another hoary man and said,
 In faltering accents, to that weeping train:
 "Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
 Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
 Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
 Nor when the yellow woods let fall the ripened mast.

"Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
 His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
 In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
 Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
 And leaves the smile of his departure, spread
 O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain head.

“Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
 The bound of man’s appointed years, at last,
 Life’s blessings all enjoyed, life’s labors done,
 Serenely to his final rest has passed;
 While the soft memory of his virtues, yet,
 Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set?

“His youth was innocent; his riper age
 Marked with some act of goodness every day;
 And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
 Faded his late declining years away.
 Meekly he gave his being up, and went
 To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

“That life was happy; every day he gave
 Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
 For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
 To mock him with her phantom miseries.
 No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
 For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

“And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
 And glad that he has gone to his reward;
 Nor can I deem that Nature did him wrong,
 Softly to disengage the vital cord.
 For when his hand grew palsied, and his eye
 Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die.”

Great Barrington, 1824.

“United States Literary Gazette,” May 1, 1824.

THE RIVULET.

THIS little rill, that from the springs
 Of yonder grove its current brings,
 Plays on the slope awhile, and then
 Goes prattling into groves again,
 Oft to its warbling waters drew
 My little feet, when life was new.
 When woods in early green were dressed,
 And from the chambers of the west
 The warmer breezes, travelling out,
 Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
 My truant steps from home would stray,
 Upon its grassy side to play,
 List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
 And crop the violet on its brim,
 With blooming cheek and open brow,
 As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
 And I had grown in love with fame,

Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.
Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me ; and I wrote, on high,
A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,
Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
How swift the years have passed away,
Since first, a child, and half afraid,
I wandered in the forest shade.
Thou, ever-joyous rivulet,
Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet ;
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.
The same sweet sounds are in my ear
My early childhood loved to hear ;
As pure thy limpid waters run ;
As bright they sparkle to the sun ;
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks ;
The violet there, in soft May dew,

Comes up, as modest and as blue;
 As green amid thy current's stress,
 Floats the scarce-rooted watercress;
 And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,
 Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not—but I am changed
 Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged;
 And the grave stranger, come to see
 The play-place of his infancy,
 Has scarce a single trace of him
 Who sported once upon thy brim.
 The visions of my youth are past—
 Too bright, too beautiful to last.
 I've tried the world—it wears no more
 The coloring of romance it wore.
 Yet well has Nature kept the truth
 She promised in my earliest youth.
 The radiant beauty shed abroad
 On all the glorious works of God,
 Shows freshly, to my sobered eye,
 Each charm it wore in days gone by.

Yet a few years shall pass away,
 And I, all trembling, weak, and gray,
 Bowed to the earth, which waits to fold
 My ashes in the embracing mould,
 (If haply the dark will of Fate

Indulge my life so long a date),
 May come for the last time to look
 Upon my childhood's favorite brook.
 Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
 The sparkle of thy dancing stream ;
 And faintly on my ear shall fall
 Thy prattling current's merry call ;
 Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
 As when thou met'st my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
 As ages after ages glide,
 Children their early sports shall try,
 And pass to hoary age and die.
 But thou, unchanged from year to year,
 Gayly shalt play and glitter here ;
 Amid young flowers and tender grass
 Thy endless infancy shall pass ;
 And, singing down thy narrow glen,
 Shalt mock the fading race of men.

Cummington, 1823.

"United States Literary Gazette," May 15, 1824.

TO ———.

AY, thou art for the grave; thy glances shine
 Too brightly to shine long; another Spring
 Shall deck her for men's eyes—but not for thine—
 Sealed in a sleep which knows no wakening.
 The fields for thee have no medicinal leaf,
 And the vexed ore no mineral of power;
 And they who love thee wait in anxious grief
 Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour.
 Glide softly to thy rest then; Death should come
 Gently, to one of gentle mould like thee,
 As light winds wandering through groves of bloom
 Detach the delicate blossom from the tree.
 Close thy sweet eyes, calmly, and without pain;
 And we will trust in God to see thee yet again.

Cummington, 1824.

"United States Literary Gazette," June 15, 1824.

AN INDIAN STORY.

“ I KNOW where the timid fawn abides
In the depths of the shaded dell,
Where the leaves are broad and the thicket hides,
With its many stems and its tangled sides,
From the eye of the hunter well.

“ I know where the young May violet grows,
In its lone and lowly nook,
On the mossy bank, where the larch-tree throws
Its broad dark bough, in solemn repose,
Far over the silent brook.

“ And that timid fawn starts not with fear
When I steal to her secret bower ;
And that young May violet to me is dear,
And I visit the silent streamlet near,
To look on the lovely flower.”

Thus Maquon sings as he lightly walks
To the hunting-ground on the hills ;

'Tis a song of his maid of the woods and rocks,
With her bright black eyes and long black locks,
And voice like the music of rills.

He goes to the chase—but evil eyes
Are at watch in the thicker shades;
For she was lovely that smiled on his sighs,
And he bore, from a hundred lovers, his prize,
The flower of the forest maids.

The boughs in the morning wind are stirred,
And the woods their song renew,
With the early carol of many a bird,
And the quickened tune of the streamlet heard
Where the hazels trickle with dew.

And Maquon has promised his dark-haired maid,
Ere eve shall redden the sky,
A good red deer from the forest shade,
That bounds with the herd through grove and glade,
At her cabin-door shall lie.

The hollow woods, in the setting sun,
Ring shrill with the fire-bird's lay;
And Maquon's sylvan labors are done,
And his shafts are spent, but the spoil they won
He bears on his homeward way.

He stops near his bower—his eye perceives
Strange traces along the ground—
At once to the earth his burden he heaves ;
He breaks through the veil of boughs and leaves ;
And gains its door with a bound.

But the vines are torn on its walls that leant,
And all from the young shrubs there
By struggling hands have the leaves been rent,
And there hangs on the sassafras, broken and bent,
One tress of the well-known hair.

But where is she who, at this calm hour,
Ever watched his coming to see ?
She is not at the door, nor yet in the bower ;
He calls—but he only hears on the flower
The hum of the laden bee.

It is not a time for idle grief,
Nor a time for tears to flow ;
The horror that freezes his limbs is brief—
He grasps his war-axe and bow, and a sheaf
Of darts made sharp for the foe.

And he looks for the print of the ruffian's feet
Where he bore the maiden away ;

And he darts on the fatal path more fleet
 Than the blast hurries the vapor and sleet
 O'er the wild November day.

'Twas early summer when Maquon's bride
 Was stolen away from his door;
 But at length the maples in crimson are dyed,
 And the grape is black on the cabin-side—
 And she smiles at his hearth once more.

But far in the pine-grove, dark and cold,
 Where the yellow leaf falls not,
 Nor the autumn shines in scarlet and gold,
 There lies a hillock of fresh dark mould,
 In the deepest gloom of the spot.

And the Indian girls, that pass that way,
 Point out the ravisher's grave;
 "And how soon to the bower she loved," they say,
 "Returned the maid that was borne away
 From Maquon, the fond and the brave."

Great Barrington, 1824.

"United States Literary Gazette," July 1, 1842.

SUMMER WIND.

IT is a sultry day; the sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervors: the tall maize
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven—
Their bases on the mountains—their white tops
Shining in the far ether—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie

Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
 Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
 Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
 That still delays his coming. Why so slow,
 Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?
 Oh, come and breathe upon the fainting earth
 Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
 He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge,
 The pine is bending his proud top, and now
 Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
 Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes;
 Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
 The deep distressful silence of the scene
 Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds
 And universal motion. He is come,
 Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
 And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings
 Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs,
 And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
 Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
 Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers,
 By the road-side and the borders of the brook,
 Nod gayly to each other; glossy leaves
 Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
 Were on them yet, and silver waters break
 Into small waves and sparkle as he comes.

Great Barrington, 1824.

"United States Literary Gazette," July 15, 1824.

AN INDIAN AT THE BURIAL-PLACE OF
HIS FATHERS.

IT is the spot I came to seek—
My father's ancient burial-place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge toward the river-side;
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadows smooth and wide,
The plains, that, toward the southern sky,
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns, so fresh and green,
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
 The cattle in the meadows feed,
 And laborers turn the crumbling ground,
 Or drop the yellow seed,
 And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
 Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
 To see these vales in woods arrayed,
 Their summits in the golden light,
 Their trunks in grateful shade,
 And herds of deer that bounding go
 O'er hills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
 The forest hero, trained to wars,
 Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
 And seamed with glorious scars,
 Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
 The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
 Was sacred when its soil was ours;
 Hither the silent Indian maid
 Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
 And the gray chief and gifted seer
 Worshipped the god of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
 On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
 And scattered in the furrows lie .

The weapons of his rest ;
 And there, in the loose sand, is thrown
 Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah, little thought the strong and brave
 Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth—
 Or the young wife that weeping gave
 Her first-born to the earth,
 That the pale race, who waste us now,
 Among their bones should guide the plough.

They waste us—ay—like April snow
 In the warm noon, we shrink away ;
 And fast they follow, as we go
 Toward the setting day—
 Till they shall fill the land, and we
 Are driven into the Western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,
 To which the white men's eyes are blind ;
 Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
 And leave no trace behind,
 Save ruins o'er the region spread,
 And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
Full to the brim our rivers flowed ;
The melody of waters filled
The fresh and boundless wood ;
And torrents dashed and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more,
The springs are silent in the sun ;
The rivers, by the blackened shore,
With lessening current run ;
The realm our tribes are crushed to get
May be a barren desert yet.

Stockbridge, 1824.

“ United States Literary Gazette,” August 1, 1824.

LOVE'S SEASONS.

A SONG.

DOST thou idly ask to hear
 At what gentle seasons
 Nymphs relent, when lovers near
 Press the tenderest reasons?
 Ah, they give their faith too oft
 To the careless wooer;
 Maidens' hearts are always soft:
 Would that men's were truer!

Woo the fair one when around
 Early birds are singing;
 When, o'er all the fragrant ground,
 Early herbs are springing:
 When the brookside, bank, and grove,
 All with blossoms laden,
 Shine with beauty, breathe of love,—
 Woo the timid maiden.

Woo her when, with rosy blush,
 Summer eve is sinking ;
 When, on rills that softly gush,
 Stars are softly winking ;
 When through boughs that knit the bower
 Moonlight gleams are stealing ;
 Woo her, till the gentle hour
 Wakes a gentler feeling.

Woo her when autumnal dyes
 Tinge the woody mountain ;
 When the dropping foliage lies
 In the weedy fountain ;
 Let the scene, that tells how fast
 Youth is passing over,
 Warn her, ere her bloom is past,
 To secure her lover.

Woo her when the north winds call
 At the lattice nightly ;
 When, within the cheerful hall,
 Blaze the fagots brightly ;
 While the wintry tempest round
 Sweeps the landscape hoary,
 Sweeter in her ear shall sound
 Love's delightful story.

Great Barrington, 1824.

"United States Literary Gazette," August 15, 1824.

"I BROKE THE SPELL THAT HELD ME
LONG."

I BROKE the spell that held me long,
The dear, dear witchery of song.
I said, the poet's idle lore
Shall waste my prime of years no more,
For Poetry, though heavenly born,
Consorts with poverty and scorn.

I broke the spell—nor deemed its power
Could fetter me another hour.
Ah, thoughtless! how could I forget
Its causes were around me yet?
For wheresoe'er I looked, the while,
Was Nature's everlasting smile.

Still came and lingered on my sight
Of flowers and streams the bloom and light,
And glory of the stars and sun;—
And these and poetry are one.
They, ere the world had held me long,
Recalled me to the love of song.

Great Barrington, 1824.

"Atlantic Souvenir," 1825.

HYMN OF THE WALDENSES.

HEAR, Father, hear thy faint afflicted flock
 Cry to thee, from the desert and the rock ;
 While those, who seek to slay thy children, hold
 Blasphemous worship under roofs of gold ;
 And the broad goodly lands, with pleasant airs
 That nurse the grape and wave the grain, are theirs.

Yet better were this mountain wilderness,
 And this wild life of danger and distress—
 Watchings by night and perilous flight by day,
 And meetings in the depths of earth to pray—
 Better, far better, than to kneel with them,
 And pay the impious rite thy laws condemn.

Thou, Lord, dost hold the thunder ; the firm land
 Tosses in billows when it feels thy hand ;
 Thou dashest nation against nation, then
 Stillest the angry world to peace again.
 Oh, touch their stony hearts who hunt thy sons—
 The murderers of our wives and little ones.

Yet, mighty God, yet shall thy frown look forth
Unveiled, and terribly shall shake the earth.
Then the foul power of priestly sin and all
Its long-upheld idolatries shall fall.
Thou shalt raise up the trampled and oppressed,
And thy delivered saints shall dwell in rest.

Great Barrington, 1824.

“United States Literary Gazette,” September 1, 1824.

MONUMENT MOUNTAIN.

THOU who wouldst see the lovely and the wild
Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy foot
Fail not with weariness, for on their tops
The beauty and the majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
The steep and toilsome way. There, as thou stand'st,
The haunts of men below thee, and around
The mountain-summits, thy expanding heart
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world
To which thou art translated, and partake
The enlargement of thy vision. Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest-tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens,
And streams that with their bordering thickets strive
To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze, at once,
Here on white villages, and tilth, and herds,
And swarming roads, and there on solitudes
That only hear the torrent, and the wind,
And eagle's shriek.

There is a precipice
 That seems a fragment of some mighty wall,
 Built by the hand that fashioned the old world,
 To separate its nations, and thrown down
 When the flood drowned them. To the north, a
 path
 Conducts you up the narrow battlement.
 Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild
 With mossy trees, and pinnacles of flint,
 And many a hanging crag. But, to the east,
 Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs—
 Huge pillars, that in middle heaven upbear
 Their weather-beaten capitals, here dark
 With moss, the growth of centuries, and there
 Of chalky whiteness where the thunderbolt
 Has splintered them. It is a fearful thing
 To stand upon the beetling verge, and see
 Where storm and lightning, from that huge gray wall,
 Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
 Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
 Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
 Of winds, that struggle with the woods below,
 Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
 Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
 Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
 The paradise he made unto himself,
 Mining the soil for ages. On each side
 The fields swell upward to the hills; beyond,

Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mountain-columns with which earth props heaven.

There is a tale about these reverend rocks,
A sad tradition of unhappy love,
And sorrows borne and ended long ago,
When over these fair vales the savage sought
His game in the thick woods. There was a maid,
The fairest of the Indian maids, bright-eyed,
With wealth of raven tresses, a light form,
And a gay heart. About her cabin-door
The wide old woods resounded with her song
And fairy laughter all the summer day.
She loved her cousin; such a love was deemed,
By the morality of those stern tribes,
Incestuous, and she struggled hard and long
Against her love, and reasoned with her heart,
As simple Indian maiden might. In vain.
Then her eye lost its lustre, and her step
Its lightness, and the gray-haired men that passed
Her dwelling, wondered that they heard no more
The accustomed song and laugh of her, whose looks
Were like the cheerful smile of Spring, they said,
Upon the Winter of their age. She went
To weep where no eye saw, and was not found
When all the merry girls were met to dance,
And all the hunters of the tribe were out;
Nor when they gathered from the rustling husk

The shining ear; nor when, by the river's side,
 They pulled the grape and startled the wild shades
 With sounds of mirth. The keen-eyed Indian dames
 Would whisper to each other, as they saw
 Her wasting form, and say, *The girl will die.*

One day into the bosom of a friend,
 A playmate of her young and innocent years,
 She poured her griefs. "Thou know'st, and thou alone,"
 She said, "for I have told thee all my love,
 And guilt, and sorrow. I am sick of life.
 All night I weep in darkness, and the morn
 Glares on me, as upon a thing accursed,
 That has no business on the earth. I hate
 The pastimes and the pleasant toils that once
 I loved; the cheerful voices of my friends
 Sound in my ear like mockings, and, at night,
 In dreams, my mother, from the land of souls,
 Calls me and chides me. All that look on me
 Do seem to know my shame; I cannot bear
 Their eyes; I cannot from my heart root out
 The love that wrings it so, and I must die."

It was a summer morning; and they went
 To this old precipice. About the cliffs
 Lay garlands, ears of maize, and shaggy skins
 Of wolf and bear, the offerings of the tribe
 Here made to the Great Spirit, for they deemed,

Like worshippers of the elder time, that God
Doth walk on the high places and affect
The earth-o'erlooking mountains. She had on
The ornaments with which her father loved
To deck the beauty of his bright-eyed girl,
And bade her wear when stranger warriors came
To be his guests. Here the friends sat them down,
And sang, all day, old songs of love and death,
And decked the poor wan victim's hair with flowers,
And prayed that safe and swift might be her way
To the calm world of sunshine, where no grief
Makes the heart heavy and the eyelids red.
Beautiful lay the region of her tribe
Below her—waters resting in the embrace
Of the wide forest, and maize-planted glades
Opening amid the leafy wilderness.
She gazed upon it long, and at the sight
Of her own village peeping through the trees,
And her own dwelling, and the cabin roof
Of him she loved with an unlawful love,
And came to die for, a warm gush of tears
Ran from her eyes. But when the sun grew low
And the hill shadows long, she threw herself
From the steep rock and perished. There was scooped,
Upon the mountain's southern slope, a grave;
And there they laid her, in the very garb
With which the maiden decked herself for death,
With the same withering wild-flowers in her hair.

And o'er the mould that covered her, the tribe
Built up a simple monument, a cone
Of small loose stones. Thenceforward all who passed,
Hunter, and dame, and virgin, laid a stone
In silence on the pile. It stands there yet.
And Indians from the distant West, who come
To visit where their fathers' bones are laid,
Yet tell the sorrowful tale, and to this day
The mountain where the hapless maiden died
Is called the Mountain of the Monument.

Great Barrington, 1824.

"United States Literary Gazette," September 15, 1824.

AFTER A TEMPEST.

THE day had been a day of cloud and storm,
The wind was laid, the rain was overpast,
And stooping from the zenith, bright and warm,
Shone the great sun on the wide earth at last.
I stood upon the upland slope, and cast
Mine eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,
Where the vast plain lay girt by mountains vast,
And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
With pleasant vales scooped out and villages between.

The rain-drops glistened on the trees around,
Whose shadows on the tall grass were not stirred,
Save when a shower of diamonds, to the ground,
Was shaken by the flight of startled bird ;
For birds were warbling near, and bees were heard
About the flowers ; the cheerful rivulet sung
And gossiped, as he hastened oceanward ;
To the gray oak the squirrel, chiding, clung,
And chirping from the sod the grasshopper upsprung.

And from beneath the leaves that kept them dry
 Flew many a glittering insect here and there,
 And darted up and down the butterfly,
 That seemed a living blossom of the air,
 The flocks came scattering from the thicket, where
 The violent rain had pent them ; in the way
 Strolled groups of damsels frolicsome and fair ;
 The farmer swung the scythe or turned the hay,
 And 'twixt the heavy swaths his children were at play.

It was a scene of peace—and, like a spell,
 Did that serene and golden sunlight fall
 Upon the motionless wood that clothed the fell,
 And precipice upspringing like a wall,
 And glassy river and white waterfall,
 And happy living things that ranged the bright
 And fragrant fields ; while far beyond them all,
 On many a lovely valley, out of sight,
 Was poured from the blue heavens the same soft golden
 light.

I looked, and thought the quiet of the scene
 An emblem of the peace that yet shall be,
 When o'er earth's continents, and isles between,
 The noise of war shall cease from sea to sea,
 And married nations dwell in harmony ;
 When millions, crouching in the dust to one,
 No more shall beg their lives on bended knee,

Nor the black stake be dressed, nor in the sun
The o'erlabored captive toil, and wish his life were done.

Too long, at clash of arms amid her bowers
And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast,
The fair earth, that should only blush with flowers
And ruddy fruits; but not for aye can last
The storm, and sweet the sunshine when 'tis past.
Lo, the clouds roll away—they break—they fly,
And, like the glorious light of summer, cast
O'er the wide landscape from the embracing sky,
On all the peaceful world the smile of heaven shall lie.

Great Barrington, 1824.

"United States Literary Gazette," October 1, 1824.

AUTUMN WOODS.

ERE, in the northern gale,
 The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
 The woods of Autumn, all around our vale,
 Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold,
 In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
 Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
 That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
 The uplands, where the mingled splendors glow,
 Where the gay company of trees look down
 On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
 In these bright walks; the sweet southwest, at play,
 Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
 Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
 The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
 Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile—
 The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
 Verdure and gloom where many branches meet
 So grateful, when the noon of summer made
 The valleys sick with heat?

Let in through all the trees
 Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright;
 Their sunny colored foliage, in the breeze
 Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
 Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
 Shines with the image of its golden screen,
 And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
 Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
 Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
 Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn! why so soon
 Depart the hues that make thy forests glad,
 Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
 And leave thee wild and sad!

Ah! 'twere a lot too blest
Forever in thy colored shades to stray;
Amid the kisses of the soft southwest
To roam and dream for aye;

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power—
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

Great Barrington, 1824.

“United States Literary Gazette,” October 15, 1824.

MUTATION.

THEY talk of short-lived pleasure—be it so—
 Pain dies as quickly : stern, hard-featured pain
 Expires, and lets her weary prisoner go.

The fiercest agonies have shortest reign ;
 And after dreams of horror, comes again
 The welcome morning with its rays of peace.

Oblivion, softly wiping out the stain,
 Makes the strong secret pangs of shame to cease :
 Remorse is virtue's root ; its fair increase

Are fruits of innocence and blessedness :
 Thus joy, o'erborne and bound, doth still release
 His young limbs from the chains that round him
 press.

Weep not that the world changes—did it keep
 A stable, changeless state, 'twere cause indeed to weep.

Great Barrington, 1824.

“ United States Literary Gazette,” November 15, 1824.

NOVEMBER.

YET one smile more, departing, distant sun !
 One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
 Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
 Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
 One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
 And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
 And the blue gentian-flower, that, in the breeze,
 Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
 Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
 Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
 The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
 And man delight to linger in thy ray.
 Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
 The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

Great Barrington, 1824.

"United States Literary Gazette," November 15, 1824.

SONG OF THE GREEK AMAZON.

I BUCKLE to my slender side
 The pistol and the scimitar,
 And in my maiden flower and pride
 Am come to share the task of war.
 And yonder stands the fiery steed,
 That paws the ground and neighs to go,
 My charger of the Arab breed—
 I took him from the routed foe.

My mirror is the mountain-spring,
 At which I dress my ruffled hair;
 My dimmed and dusty arms I bring,
 And wash away the blood-stain there.
 Why should I guard from wind and sun
 This cheek, whose virgin rose is fled?
 It was for one—oh, only one—
 I kept its bloom, and he is dead.

But they who slew him—unaware
 Of coward murderers lurking nigh—

And left him to the fowls of air,
 Are yet alive—and they must die !
 They slew him—and my virgin years
 Are vowed to Greece and vengeance now,
 And many an Othman dame, in tears
 Shall rue the Grecian maiden's vow.

I touched the lute in better days,
 I led in dance the joyous band ;
 Ah ! they may move to mirthful lays
 Whose hands can touch a lover's hand.
 The march of hosts that haste to meet
 Seems gayer than the dance to me ;
 The lute's sweet tones are not so sweet
 As the fierce shout of victory.

Great Barrington, 1824.

"United States Literary Gazette," December 1, 1824.

TO A CLOUD.

BEAUTIFUL cloud! with folds so soft and fair,
 Swimming in the pure quiet air!
 Thy fleeces bathed in sunlight, while below
 Thy shadow o'er the vale moves slow;
 Where, midst their labor, pause the reaper train,
 As cool it comes along the grain.
 Beautiful cloud! I would I were with thee
 In thy calm way o'er land and sea;
 To rest on thy unrolling skirts, and look
 On Earth as on an open book;
 On streams that tie her realms with silver bands,
 And the long ways that seam her lands;
 And hear her humming cities, and the sound
 Of the great ocean breaking round.
 Ay—I would sail, upon thy air-borne car,
 To blooming regions distant far,
 To where the sun of Andalusia shines
 On his own olive-groves and vines,
 Or the soft lights of Italy's clear sky
 In smiles upon her ruins lie.

But I would woo the winds to let us rest
 O'er Greece, long fettered and oppressed,
 Whose sons at length have heard the call that comes
 From the old battle-fields and tombs,
 And risen, and drawn the sword, and on the foe
 Have dealt the swift and desperate blow,
 And the Othman power is cloven, and the stroke
 Has touched its chains, and they are broke.
 Ay, we would linger, till the sunset there
 Should come, to purple all the air,
 And thou reflect upon the sacred ground
 The ruddy radiance streaming round.
 Bright meteor! for the summer noontide made!
 Thy peerless beauty yet shall fade.
 The sun, that fills with light each glistening fold,
 Shall set, and leave thee dark and cold:
 The blast shall rend thy skirts, or thou mayst frown
 In the dark heaven when storms come down;
 And weep in rain, till man's inquiring eye
 Miss thee, forever, from the sky.

Great Barrington, 1824.

"United States Literary Gazette," December 15, 1824.

THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

WHEN Spring, to woods and wastes around,
 Brought bloom and joy again,
 The murdered traveller's bones were found,
 Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
 Her tassels in the sky;
 And many a vernal blossom sprung,
 And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
 His hanging nest o'erhead,
 And fearless, near the fatal spot,
 Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
 And gentle eyes, for him,
 With watching many an anxious day,
 Were sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
 The fearful death he met,
 When shouting o'er the desert snow,
 Unarmed, and hard beset;—

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
 The northern dawn was red,
 The mountain-wolf and wild-cat stole
 To banquet on the dead;—

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
 They dressed the hasty bier,
 And marked his grave with nameless stones,
 Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
 Within his distant home;
 And dreamed, and started as they slept,
 For joy that he was come.

Long, long they looked—but never spied
 His welcome step again,
 Nor knew the fearful death he died
 Far down that narrow glen.

Great Barrington, 1824.

“United States Literary Gazette,” January 14, 1825.

HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

THE sad and solemn night
 Hath yet her multitude of cheerful fires;
 The glorious hosts of light
 Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires;
 All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
 Her constellations come, and climb the heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star
 To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they:
 Through the blue fields afar,
 Unseen, they follow in his flaming way:
 Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,
 Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

And thou dost see them rise,
 Star of the Pole! and thou dost see them set.
 Alone, in thy cold skies,
 Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station yet,
 Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,
 Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,
 Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air,
 And eve, that round the earth
 Chases the day, beholds thee watching there ;
 There noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls
 The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,
 The deeds of darkness and of light are done ;
 High toward the starlit sky
 Towns blaze, the smoke of battle blots the sun,
 The night storm on a thousand hills is loud,
 And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud.

On thy unaltering blaze
 The half-wrecked mariner, his compass lost,
 Fixes his steady gaze,
 And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast ;
 And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night,
 Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their footsteps
 right.

And, therefore, bards of old,
 Sages and hermits of the solemn wood,
 Did in thy beams behold
 A beauteous type of that unchanging good,
 That bright eternal beacon, by whose ray
 The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.

Great Barrington, 1825.

"United States Literary Gazette," January 15, 1825.

THE LAPSE OF TIME.

LAMENT who will, in fruitless tears,
The speed with which our moments fly;
I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.

Look, how they come—a mingled crowd
Of bright and dark, but rapid days;
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as I gaze.

What! grieve that time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on!
As idly might I weep, at noon,
To see the blush of morning gone.

Could I give up the hopes that glow
In prospect like Elysian isles;
And let the cheerful future go,
With all her promises and smiles?

The future!—cruel were the power
 Whose doom would tear thee from my heart,
 Thou sweetener of the present hour!
 We cannot—no—we will not part.

Oh, leave me, still, the rapid flight
 That makes the changing seasons gay,
 The grateful speed that brings the night,
 The swift and glad return of day;

The months that touch, with added grace,
 This little prattler at my knee,
 In whose arch eye and speaking face
 New meaning every hour I see;

The years, that o'er each sister land
 Shall lift the country of my birth,
 And nurse her strength, till she shall stand
 The pride and pattern of the earth:

Till younger commonwealths, for aid,
 Shall cling about her ample robe,
 And from her frown shall shrink afraid
 The crowned oppressors of the globe.

True—time will seam and blanch my brow—
 Well—I shall sit with aged men,
 And my good glass will tell me how
 A grizzly beard becomes me then.

And then, should no dishonor lie
 Upon my head, when I am gray,
 Love yet shall watch my fading eye,
 And smooth the path of my decay.

Then haste thee, Time—'tis kindness all
 That speeds thy wingèd feet so fast:
 Thy pleasures stay not till they pall,
 And all thy pains are quickly past.

Thou fliest and bear'st away our woes,
 And as thy shadowy train depart,
 The memory of sorrow grows
 A lighter burden on the heart.

Great Barrington, 1825.

"United States Literary Gazette," February 15, 1825.

THE SONG OF THE STARS.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
 And the world in the smile of God awoke,
 And the empty realms of darkness and death
 Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
 And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame
 From the void abyss by myriads came—
 In the joy of youth as they darted away,
 Through the widening wastes of space to play,
 Their silver voices in chorus rang,
 And this was the song the bright ones sang :

“ Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
 The fair blue fields that before us lie—
 Each sun with the worlds that round him roll,
 Each planet, poised on her turning pole ;
 With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
 And her waters that lie like fluid light.

“ For the source of glory uncovers his face,
 And the brightness o’erflows unbounded space,

And we drink as we go to the luminous tides
 In our ruddy air and our blooming sides:
 Lo, yonder the living splendors play;
 Away, on our joyous path, away!

“Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
 In the infinite azure, star after star,
 How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!
 How the verdure runs o’er each rolling mass!
 And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
 Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

“And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
 How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
 And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues,
 Shift o’er the bright planets and shed their dews;
 And ’twixt them both, o’er the teeming ground,
 With her shadowy cone the night goes round!

“Away, away! in our blossoming bowers,
 In the soft airs wrapping these spheres of ours,
 In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
 See, Love is brooding, and Life is born,
 And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
 To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

“Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
 To weave the dance that measures the years;

Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent
To the furthest wall of the firmament—
The boundless visible smile of Him
To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim."

Great Barrington, 1825.

"United States Literary Gazette," March 1, 1825.

A FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man
learned

To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influence
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs

That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
 Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
 Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
 Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand
 Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
 Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
 All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
 And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
 Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
 Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
 These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
 Report not. No fantastic carvings show
 The boast of our vain race to change the form
 Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
 The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
 That run along the summit of these trees
 In music; thou art in the cooler breath
 That from the inmost darkness of the place
 Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
 The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
 Here is continual worship;—Nature, here,

In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
 Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
 From perch to perch, the solitary bird
 Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
 Wells softly forth and wandering steeps the roots
 Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
 Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
 Thyself without a witness, in the shades,
 Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
 Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
 By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
 Almost annihilated—not a prince,
 In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
 E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
 Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
 Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
 Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
 Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
 With scented breath and look so like a smile,
 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
 An emanation of the indwelling Life,
 A visible token of the upholding Love,
 That are the soul of this great universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
 Of the great miracle that still goes on,
 In silence, round me—the perpetual work
 Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed

Forever. Written on thy works I read
 The lesson of thy own eternity.
 Lo ! all grow old and die—but see again,
 How on the faltering footsteps of decay
 Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth
 In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
 Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
 Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
 One of earth's charms : upon her bosom yet,
 After the flight of untold centuries,
 The freshness of her far beginning lies
 And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
 Of his arch-enemy Death—yea, seats himself
 Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,
 And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
 Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
 From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
 Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
 The generation born with them, nor seemed
 Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
 Around them ;—and there have been holy men
 Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
 But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and in thy presence reassure
 My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,

The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
 And tremble and are still. O God! when thou
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
 With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
 And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
 Uprises the great deep and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms
 Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
 Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
 Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
 Of the mad unchained elements to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

Great Barrington, 1825.

"United States Literary Gazette," April 1, 1825.

JUNE.

I GAZED upon the glorious sky
 And the green mountains round,
 And thought that when I came to lie
 At rest within the ground,
 'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
 When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
 And groves a joyous sound,
 The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
 The rich, green mountain-turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
 A coffin borne through sleet,
 And icy clods above it rolled,
 While fierce the tempests beat—
 Away!—I will not think of these—
 Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
 Earth green beneath the feet,
 And be the damp mould gently pressed
 Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long summer hours,
 The golden light should lie,
 And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
 Stand in their beauty by.
 The oriole should build and tell
 His love-tale close beside my cell;
 The idle butterfly
 Should rest him there, and there be heard
 The housewife bee and humming-bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
 Come, from the village sent,
 Or songs of maids, beneath the moon
 With fairy laughter blent?
 And what if, in the evening light,
 Betrothèd lovers walk in sight
 Of my low monument?
 I would the lovely scene around
 Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know that I no more should see
 The season's glorious show,
 Nor would its brightness shine for me,
 Nor its wild music flow;
 But if, around my place of sleep,
 The friends I love should come to weep,
 They might not haste to go.

Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene ;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is that his grave is green ;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

Great Barrington, 1825.

"Atlantic Souvenir," 1826.

Part Second.

POEMS OF THE MIDDLE PERIOD:

OR,

FROM A. D. 1825 TO A. D. 1844.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

CHAINED in the market-place he stood,
 A man of giant frame,
 Amid the gathering multitude
 That shrunk to hear his name—
 All stern of look and strong of limb,
 His dark eye on the ground :—
 And silently they gazed on him,
 As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well that chief had fought,
 He was a captive now,
 Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
 Was written on his brow.
 The scars his dark broad bosom wore
 Showed warrior true and brave ;
 A prince among his tribe before,
 He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake :
 "My brother is a king ;

Undo this necklace from my neck,
 And take this bracelet ring,
 And send me where my brother reigns,
 And I will fill thy hands
 With store of ivory from the plains,
 And gold-dust from the sands."

"Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
 Will I unbind thy chain;
 That bloody hand shall never hold
 The battle-spear again.
 A price that nation never gave
 Shall yet be paid for thee;
 For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
 In lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
 To shred his locks away;
 And one by one, each heavy braid
 Before the victor lay.
 Thick were the platted locks, and long,
 And closely hidden there
 Shone many a wedge of gold among
 The dark and crispèd hair.

"Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold
 Long kept for sorest need;
 Take it—thou askest sums untold—
 And say that I am freed.

Take it—my wife, the long, long day,
 Weeps by the cocoa-tree,
 And my young children leave their play,
 And ask in vain for me.”

“I take thy gold, but I have made
 Thy fetters fast and strong,
 And ween that by the cocoa-shade
 Thy wife will wait thee long.”
 Strong was the agony that shook
 The captive’s frame to hear,
 And the proud meaning of his look
 Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain :
 At once his eye grew wild ;
 He struggled fiercely with his chain,
 Whispered, and wept, and smiled ;
 Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
 And once, at shut of day,
 They drew him forth upon the sands,
 The foul hyena’s prey.

New York, 1825.

“United States Review,” December, 1826.

THE GREEK PARTISAN.

OUR free flag is dancing
 In the free mountain air,
 And burnished arms are glancing,
 And warriors gathering there;
 And fearless is the little train
 Whose gallant bosoms shield it;
 The blood that warms their hearts shall stain
 That banner, ere they yield it.
 —Each dark eye is fixed on earth,
 And brief each solemn greeting;
 There is no look nor sound of mirth,
 Where those stern men are meeting.

They go to the slaughter
 To strike the sudden blow,
 And pour on earth, like water,
 The best blood of the foe;
 To rush on them from rock and height,
 And clear the narrow valley,
 Or fire their camp at dead of night,
 And fly before they rally.

—Chains are round our country pressed,
 And cowards have betrayed her,
 And we must make her bleeding breast
 The grave of the invader.

Not till from her fetters
 We raise up Greece again,
 And write, in bloody letters,
 That tyranny is slain,—
 Oh, not till then the smile shall steal
 Across those darkened faces,
 Nor one of all those warriors feel
 His children's dear embraces.
 —Reap we not the ripened wheat,
 Till yonder hosts are flying,
 And all their bravest, at our feet,
 Like autumn sheaves are lying.

New York, 1825.

“United States Literary Gazette,” May, 1825.

A SONG OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

COME, take our boy, and we will go
 Before our cabin-door ;
 The winds shall bring us, as they blow,
 The murmurs of the shore ;
 And we will kiss his young blue eyes,
 And I will sing him, as he lies,
 Songs that were made of yore :
 I'll sing, in his delighted ear,
 The island lays thou lov'st to hear.

And thou, while stammering I repeat,
 Thy country's tongue shalt teach ;
 'Tis not so soft, but far more sweet
 Than my own native speech :
 For thou no other tongue didst know,
 When, scarcely twenty moons ago,
 Upon Tahete's beach,
 Thou cam'st to woo me to be thine,
 With many a speaking look and sign.

I knew thy meaning—thou didst praise
 My eyes, my locks of jet ;

Ah! well for me they won thy gaze,
 But thine were fairer yet!
 I'm glad to see my infant wear
 Thy soft blue eyes and sunny hair,
 And when my sight is met
 By his white brow and blooming cheek,
 I feel a joy I cannot speak.

Come, talk of Europe's maids with me,
 Whose necks and cheeks, they tell,
 Outshine the beauty of the sea,
 White foam and crimson shell.
 I'll shape like theirs my simple dress,
 And bind like them each jetty tress,
 A sight to please thee well;
 And for my dusky brow will braid
 A bonnet like an English maid.

Come, for the soft low sunlight calls,
 We lose the pleasant hours;
 'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls,—
 That seat among the flowers.
 And I will learn of thee a prayer,
 To Him who gave a home so fair,
 A lot so blest as ours—
 The God who made, for thee and me,
 This sweet lone isle amid the sea.

THE FIRMAMENT.

AY ! gloriously thou standest there,
 Beautiful, boundless firmament !
 That, swelling wide o'er earth and air,
 And round the horizon bent,
 With thy bright vault, and sapphire wall,
 Dost overhang and circle all.

Far, far below thee, tall gray trees
 Arise, and piles built up of old,
 And hills, whose ancient summits freeze
 In the fierce light and cold.
 The eagle soars his utmost height,
 Yet far thou stretchest o'er his flight.

Thou hast thy frowns—with thee on high
 The storm has made his airy seat,
 Beyond that soft blue curtain lie
 His stores of hail and sleet.
 Thence the consuming lightnings break,
 There the strong hurricanes awake.

Yet art thou prodigal of smiles—

Smiles sweeter than thy frowns are stern.
Earth sends, from all her thousand isles,
A shout at their return.

The glory that comes down from thee,
Bathes, in deep joy, the land and sea.

The sun, the gorgeous sun is thine,
The pomp that brings and shuts the day,
The clouds that round him change and shine,
The airs that fan his way.
Thence look the thoughtful stars, and there
The meek moon walks the silent air.

The sunny Italy may boast
The beauteous tints that flush her skies,
And lovely, round the Grecian coast,
May thy blue pillars rise.
I only know how fair they stand
Around my own beloved land.

And they are fair—a charm is theirs,
That earth, the proud green earth, has not,
With all the forms, and hues, and airs,
That haunt her sweetest spot.
We gaze upon thy calm pure sphere,
And read of Heaven's eternal year.

Oh, when, amid the throng of men,
The heart grows sick of hollow mirth,
How willingly we turn us then
Away from this cold earth,
And look into thy azure breast,
For seats of innocence and rest!

Great Barrington, 1825.

"New York Review," July, 1825.

LINES ON REVISITING THE COUNTRY.

I STAND upon my native hills again,
 Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky
 With garniture of waving grass and grain,
 Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie,
 While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
 Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

A lisping voice and glancing eyes are near,
 And ever-restless feet of one who now
 Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year;
 There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow
 As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,
 Upheaved and spread in verdure and in light.

For I have taught her, with delighted eye,
 To gaze upon the mountains,—to behold,
 With deep affection, the pure ample sky,
 And clouds along its blue abysses rolled,
 To love the song of waters, and to hear
 The melody of winds with charmèd ear.

Here, have I 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
 Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air,
 And, where the season's milder fervors beat,
 And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear
 The song of bird and sound of running stream,
 Am come awhile to wander and to dream.

Ay, flame thy fiercest, sun! thou canst not wake,
 In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen.
 The maize-leaf and the maple-bough but take,
 From thy strong heats, a deeper, glossier green.
 The mountain wind, that faints not in thy ray,
 Sweeps the blue steams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind! most spiritual thing of all
 The wide earth knows; when, in the sultry time,
 He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
 He seems the breath of a celestial clime!
 As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
 Health and refreshment on the world below.

Cummington, July, 1825.

"New York Review," August, 1825.

TO A MOSQUITO.

FAIR insect! that, with threadlike legs spread out,
 And blood-extracting bill and filmy wing,
 Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,
 In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing,
 And tell how little our large veins would bleed.
 Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.

Unwillingly, I own, and, what is worse,
 Full angrily men hearken to thy plaint;
 Thou gettest many a brush, and many a curse,
 For saying thou art gaunt, and starved, and faint;
 Even the old beggar, while he asks for food,
 Would kill thee, hapless stranger, if he could.

I call thee stranger, for the town, I ween,
 Has not the honor of so proud a birth,—
 Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, fresh and green,
 The offspring of the gods, though born on earth;
 For Titan was thy sire, and fair was she,
 The ocean-nymph that nursed thy infancy.

Beneath the rushes was thy cradle swung,
 And when at length thy gauzy wings grew strong,
 Abroad to gentle airs their folds were flung,
 Rose in the sky and bore thee soft along;
 The south wind breathed to waft thee on the way,
 And danced and shone beneath the billowy bay.

Calm rose afar the city spires, and thence
 Came the deep murmur of its throng of men,
 And as its grateful odors met thy sense,
 They seemed the perfumes of thy native fen.
 Fair lay its crowded streets, and at the sight
 Thy tiny song grew shriller with delight.

At length thy pinions fluttered in Broadway—
 Ah, there were fairy steps, and white necks kissed
 By wanton airs, and eyes whose killing ray
 Shone through the snowy veils like stars through mist;
 And fresh as morn, on many a cheek and chin,
 Bloomed the bright blood through the transparent skin.

Sure these were sights to touch an anchorite!
 What! do I hear thy slender voice complain?
 Thou wailest when I talk of beauty's light,
 As if it brought the memory of pain:
 Thou art a wayward being—well—come near,
 And pour thy tale of sorrow in my ear.

What sayest thou—slanderer!—rouge makes thee sick?
 And China bloom at best is sorry food?
 And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,
 Poisons the thirsty wretch that bores for blood?
 Go! 'twas a just reward that met thy crime—
 But shun the sacrilege another time.

That bloom was made to look at, not to touch;
 To worship, not approach, that radiant white;
 And well might sudden vengeance light on such
 As dared, like thee, most impiously to bite.
 Thou shouldst have gazed at distance and admired,
 Murmured thy adoration, and retired.

Thou'rt welcome to the town; but why come here
 To bleed a brother poet, gaunt like thee?
 Alas! the little blood I have is dear,
 And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.
 Look round—the pale-eyed sisters in my cell,
 Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine, dwell.

Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood
 Enriched by generous wine and costly meat;
 On well-filled skins, sleek as thy native mud,
 Fix thy light pump and press thy freckled feet.
 Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,
 The oyster breeds, and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows
To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now
The ruddy cheek and now the ruddier nose
Shall tempt thee, as thou flittest round the brow;
And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,
No angry hands shall rise to brush thy wings.

New York, 1825.

"New York Review," October, 1825.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the
year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves
lie dead ;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's
tread ;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs
the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the
gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that
lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of
flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good
of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
 Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones
 again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
 And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
 But on the hills the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
 And the yellow sun-flower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,
 Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls
 the plague on men,
 And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland,
 glade, and glen.

And now, when comes ~~the~~ the calm mild day, ~~as~~ still such
 days will come,
 To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter
 home;
 When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all
 the trees are still,
 And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
 The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
 And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream
 no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty
died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my
side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests
cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so
brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend
of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the
flowers.

New York, 1825.

“New York Review,” November, 1825.

A MEDITATION ON RHODE ISLAND COAL.

"Decolor, obscurus, vilis, non ille repexam
Cesariem regum, non candida virginis ornat
Colla, nec insigni splendet per cingula morsu
Sed nova si nigri videas miracula saxi,
Tunc superat pulchros cultus et quicquid Eois
Indus litoribus rubra scrutatur in alga."

CLAUDIAN.

I SAT beside the glowing grate, fresh heaped
With Newport coal, and as the flame grew bright
—The many-colored flame—and played and leaped,
I thought of rainbows, and the northern light,
Moore's Lalla Rookh, the Treasury Report,
And other brilliant matters of the sort.

And last I thought of that fair isle which sent
The mineral fuel; on a summer day
I saw it once, with heat and travel spent,
And scratched by dwarf-oaks in the hollow way.
Now dragged through sand, now jolted over stone—
A rugged road through rugged Tiverton.

And hotter grew the air, and hollower grew
 The deep-worn path, and horror-struck, I thought,
 Where will this dreary passage lead me to?
 This long dull road, so narrow, deep, and hot?
 I looked to see it dive in earth outright;
 I looked—but saw a far more welcome sight.

Like a soft mist upon the evening shore,
 At once a lovely isle before me lay,
 Smooth, and with tender verdure covered o'er,
 As if just risen from its calm inland bay;
 Sloped each way gently to the grassy edge,
 And the small waves that dallied with the sedge.

The barley was just reaped; the heavy sheaves
 Lay on the stubble-field; the tall maize stood
 Dark in its summer growth, and shook its leaves,
 And bright the sunlight played on the young wood—
 For fifty years ago, the old men say,
 The Briton hewed their ancient groves away.

I saw where fountains freshened the green land,
 And where the pleasant road, from door to door,
 With rows of cherry-trees on either hand,
 Went wandering all that fertile region o'er—
 Rogue's Island once—but when the rogues were dead,
 Rhode Island was the name it took instead.

Beautiful island! then it only seemed

A lovely stranger; it has grown a friend.

I gazed on its smooth slopes, but never dreamed

How soon that green and quiet isle would send
The treasures of its womb across the sea,
To warm a poet's room and boil his tea.

Dark anthracite! that reddenest on my hearth,

Thou in those island mines didst slumber long;
But now thou art come forth to move the earth,

And put to shame the men that mean thee wrong:
Thou shalt be coals of fire to those that hate thee,
And warm the shins of all that underrate thee.

Yea, they did wrong thee foully—they who mocked

Thy honest face, and said thou wouldst not burn;
Of hewing thee to chimney-pieces talked,

And grew profane, and swore, in bitter scorn,
That men might to thy inner caves retire,
And there, unsinged, abide the day of fire.

Yet is thy greatness nigh. I pause to state,

That I too have seen greatness—even I—
Shook hands with Adams, stared at La Fayette,

When, barehead, in the hot noon of July,
He would not let the umbrella be held o'er him,
For which three cheers burst from the mob before him.

And I have seen—not many months ago—

An eastern Governor in chapeau bras
And military coat, a glorious show!

Ride forth to visit the reviews, and ah!
How oft he smiled and bowed to Jonathan!
How many hands were shook and votes were won!

'Twas a great Governor; thou too shalt be
Great in thy turn, and wide shall spread thy fame
And swiftly; furthest Maine shall hear of thee,
And cold New Brunswick gladden at thy name;
And, faintly through its sleets, the weeping isle
That sends the Boston folks their cod shall smile.

For thou shalt forge vast railways, and shalt heat
The hissing rivers into steam, and drive
Huge masses from thy mines, on iron feet,
Walking their steady way, as if alive,
Northward, till everlasting ice besets thee,
And South as far as the grim Spaniard lets thee.

Thou shalt make mighty engines swim the sea,
Like its own monsters—boats that for a guinea
Will take a man to Havre—and shalt be
The moving soul of many a spinning-jenny,
And ply thy shuttles, till a bard can wear
As good a suit of broadcloth as the mayor.

Then we will laugh at winter when we hear

The grim old churl about our dwellings rave :
Thou, from that "ruler of the inverted year,"

Shalt pluck the knotty sceptre Cowper gave,
And pull him from his sledge, and drag him in,
And melt the icicles from off his chin.

New York, January, 1826.

"New York Review," April, 1826.

"I CANNOT FORGET WITH WHAT FER-
VID DEVOTION."

I CANNOT forget with what fervid devotion
I worshipped the visions of verse and of fame;
Each gaze at the glories of earth, sky, and ocean,
To my kindled emotions, was wind over flame.

And deep were my musings in life's early blossom,
Mid the twilight of mountain-groves wandering
long;
How thrilled my young veins, and how throbbed my
full bosom,
When o'er me descended the spirit of song!

'Mong the deep-cloven fells that for ages had listened
To the rush of the pebble-paved river between,
Where the kingfisher screamed and gray precipice
glistened,
All breathless with awe have I gazed on the
scene;

Till I felt the dark power o'er my reveries stealing,
 From the gloom of the thicket that over me hung,
 And the thoughts that awoke, in that rapture of
 feeling,
 Were formed into verse as they rose to my tongue.

Bright visions! I mixed with the world, and ye faded,
 No longer your pure rural worshipper now;
 In the haunts your continual presence pervaded,
 Ye shrink from the signet of care on my brow.

In the old mossy groves on the breast of the moun-
 tains,
 In deep lonely glens where the waters complain,
 By the shade of the rock, by the gush of the fountain,
 I seek your loved footsteps, but seek them in vain.

Oh, leave not forlorn and forever forsaken,
 Your pupil and victim to life and its tears!
 But sometimes return, and in mercy awaken
 The glories ye showed to his earlier years.

Cummington, 1815; New York, 1826.

"New York Review," February, 1826.

THE NEW MOON.

WHEN, as the garish day is done,
 Heaven burns with the descended sun,
 'Tis passing sweet to mark,
 Amid that flush of crimson light,
 The new moon's modest bow grow bright,
 As earth and sky grow dark.

Few are the hearts too cold to feel
 A thrill of gladness o'er them steal,
 When first the wandering eye
 Sees faintly, in the evening blaze,
 That glimmering curve of tender rays
 Just planted in the sky.

The sight of that young crescent brings
 Thoughts of all fair and youthful things—
 The hopes of early years;
 And childhood's purity and grace,
 And joys that like a rainbow chase
 The passing shower of tears.

The captive yields him to the dream
 Of freedom, when that virgin beam
 Comes out upon the air;
 And painfully the sick man tries
 To fix his dim and burning eyes
 On the sweet promise there.

Most welcome to the lover's sight
 Glitters that pure, emerging light;
 For prattling poets say,
 That sweetest is the lovers' walk,
 And tenderest is their murmured talk,
 Beneath its gentle ray.

And there do graver men behold
 A type of errors, loved of old,
 Forsaken and forgiven;
 And thoughts and wishes not of earth
 Just opening in their early birth,
 Like that new light in heaven.

New York, March, 1826.

"New York Review," March, 1826.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

BENEATH the waning moon I walk at night,
 And muse on human life—for all around
 Are dim uncertain shapes that cheat the sight,
 And pitfalls lurk in shade along the ground,
 And broken gleams of brightness, here and there,
 Glance through, and leave unwarmed, the death-like air.

The trampled earth returns a sound of fear—
 A hollow sound, as if I walked on tombs;
 And lights, that tell of cheerful homes, appear
 Far off, and die like hope amid the glooms.
 A mournful wind across the landscape flies,
 And the wide atmosphere is full of sighs.

And I, with faltering footsteps, journey on,
 Watching the stars that roll the hours away,
 Till the faint light that guides me now is gone,
 And, like another life, the glorious day
 Shall open o'er me from the empyreal height,
 With warmth, and certainty, and boundless light.

New York, 1826.

Edition of 1832.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

IS this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space
And their shadows at play on the bright-green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

New York, 1826.

"United States Literary Gazette," 1826

MIDSUMMER.

A POWER is on the earth and in the air
 From which the vital spirit shrinks afraid,
 And shelters him, in nooks of deepest shade,
 From the hot steam and from the fiery glare.
 Look forth upon the earth—her thousand plants
 Are smitten; even the dark sun-loving maize
 Faints in the field beneath the torrid blaze;
 The herd beside the shaded fountain pants;
 For life is driven from all the landscape brown;
 The bird has sought his tree, the snake his den,
 The trout floats dead in the hot stream, and men
 Drop by the sun-stroke in the populous town;
 As if the Day of Fire had dawned, and sent
 Its deadly breath into the firmament.

New York, 1826.

“United States Literary Gazette,” July, 1826.

A SUMMER RAMBLE.

THE quiet August noon has come ;
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark yon soft white clouds that rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng ;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

Oh, how unlike those merry hours,
In early June, when Earth laughs out,
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout.

When in the grass sweet voices talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell.

But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground,
The blessing of supreme repose.

Away! I will not be, to-day,
The only slave of toil and care,
Away from desk and dust! away!
I'll be as idle as the air.

Beneath the open sky abroad,
Among the plants and breathing things,
The sinless, peaceful works of God,
I'll share the calm the season brings.

Come, thou, in whose soft eyes I see
The gentle meanings of thy heart,
One day amid the woods with me,
From men and all their cares apart.

And where, upon the meadow's breast,
The shadow of the thicket lies,
The blue wild-flowers thou gatherest
Shall glow yet deeper near thine eyes.

Come, and when mid the calm profound,
I turn, those gentle eyes to seek,
They, like the lovely landscape round,
Of innocence and peace shall speak.

Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
 And on the silent valleys gaze,
 Winding and widening, till they fade
 In yon soft ring of summer haze.

The village trees their summits rear
 Still as its spire, and yonder flock
 At rest in those calm fields appear
 As chiselled from the lifeless rock.

One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks—
 There the hushed winds their sabbath keep,
 While a near hum from bees and brooks
 Comes faintly like the breath of sleep.

Well may the gazer deem that when,
 Worn with the struggle and the strife,
 And heart-sick at the wrongs of men,
 The good forsakes the scene of life;

Like this deep quiet that, awhile,
 Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,
 Shall be the peace whose holy smile
 Welcomes him to a happier shore.

Great Barrington, 1826.

"New York Mirror," August, 1826.

THE TWO GRAVES.

'TIS a bleak wild hill, but green and bright
 In the summer warmth and the mid-day light;
 There's the hum of the bee and the chirp of the wren
 And the dash of the brook from the alder-glen.
 There's the sound of a bell from the scattered flock,
 And the shade of the beech lies cool on the rock,
 And fresh from the west is the free wind's breath;—
 There is nothing here that speaks of death.

Far yonder, where orchards and gardens lie,
 And dwellings cluster, 'tis there men die,
 They are born, they die, and are buried near,
 Where the populous graveyard lightens the bier.
 For strict and close are the ties that bind
 In death the children of human-kind;
 Yea, stricter and closer than those of life,—
 'Tis a neighborhood that knows no strife.
 They are noiselessly gathered—friend and foe—
 To the still and dark assemblies below.

Without a frown or a smile they meet,
 Each pale and calm in his winding-sheet;
 In that sullen home of peace and gloom,
 Crowded, like guests in a banquet-room.

Yet there are graves in this lonely spot,
 Two humble graves,—but I meet them not.
 I have seen them,—eighteen years are past
 Since I found their place in the brambles last,—
 The place where, fifty winters ago
 An aged man in his locks of snow,
 And an aged matron, withered with years,
 Were solemnly laid!—but not with tears.
 For none, who sat by the light of their hearth,
 Beheld their coffins covered with earth;
 Their kindred were far, and their children dead,
 When the funeral-prayer was coldly said.

Two low green hillocks, two small gray stones,
 Rose over the place that held their bones;
 But the grassy hillocks are levelled again,
 And the keenest eye might search in vain,
 'Mong briers, and ferns, and paths of sheep,
 For the spot where the aged couple sleep.

Yet well might they lay, beneath the soil
 Of this lonely spot, that man of toil,

And trench the strong hard mould with the spade,
 Where never before a grave was made;
 For he hewed the dark old woods away,
 And gave the virgin fields to the day;
 And the gourd and the bean, beside his door,
 Bloomed where their flowers ne'er opened before;
 And the maize stood up, and the bearded rye
 Bent low in the breath of an unknown sky.

'Tis said that when life is ended here,
 The spirit is borne to a distant sphere;
 That it visits its earthly home no more,
 Nor looks on the haunts it loved before.
 But why should the bodiless soul be sent
 Far off, to a long, long banishment?
 Talk not of the light and the living green!
 It will pine for the dear familiar scene;
 It will yearn, in that strange bright world, to behold
 The rock and the stream it knew of old.

'Tis a cruel creed, believe it not!
 Death to the good is a milder lot.
 They are here,—they are here,—that harmless pair,
 In the yellow sunshine and flowing air,
 In the light cloud-shadows that slowly pass,
 In the sounds that rise from the murmuring grass.
 They sit where their humble cottage stood,
 They walk by the waving edge of the wood,

And list to the long-accustomed flow
Of the brook that wets the rocks below,
Patient, and peaceful, and passionless,
As seasons on seasons swiftly press,
They watch, and wait, and linger around,
Till the day when their bodies shall leave the ground.

Cummington, 1826.

“United States Literary Gazette,” August, 1826.

THE CONJUNCTION OF JUPITER AND
VENUS.

I WOULD not always reason. The straight path
Wearies us with the never-varying lines,
And we grow melancholy. I would make
Reason my guide, but she should sometimes sit
Patiently by the way-side, while I traced
The mazes of the pleasant wilderness
Around me. She should be my counsellor,
But not my tyrant. For the spirit needs
Impulses from a deeper source than hers,
And there are motions, in the mind of man,
That she must look upon with awe. I bow
Reverently to her dictates, but not less
Hold to the fair illusions of old time—
Illusions that shed brightness over life,
And glory over Nature. Look, even now,
Where two bright planets in the twilight meet,
Upon the saffron heaven,—the imperial star
Of Jove, and she that from her radiant urn
Pours forth the light of love. Let me believe,

Awhile, that they are met for ends of good,
 Amid the evening glory, to confer
 Of men and their affairs, and to shed down
 Kind influence. Lo! they brighten as we gaze,
 And shake out softer fires! The great earth feels
 The gladness and the quiet of the time.
 Meekly the mighty river, that infolds
 This mighty city, smooths his front, and far
 Glitters and burns even the rocky base
 Of the dark heights that bound him to the west;
 And a deep murmur, from the many streets,
 Rises like a thanksgiving. Put we hence
 Dark and sad thoughts awhile—there's time for them
 Hereafter—on the morrow we will meet,
 With melancholy looks, to tell our griefs,
 And make each other wretched; this calm hour,
 This balmy, blessed evening, we will give
 To cheerful hopes and dreams of happy days,
 Born of the meeting of those glorious stars.

Enough of drought has parched the year, and scared
 The land with dread of famine. Autumn, yet,
 Shall make men glad with unexpected fruits.
 The dog-star shall shine harmless: genial days
 Shall softly glide away into the keen
 And wholesome cold of winter; he that fears
 The pestilence, shall gaze on those pure beams,
 And breathe, with confidence, the quiet air.

Emblems of power and beauty! well may they
 Shine brightest on our borders, and withdraw
 Toward the great Pacific, marking out
 The path of empire. Thus in our own land,
 Ere long, the better Genius of our race,
 Having encompassed earth, and tamed its tribes,
 Shall sit him down beneath the farthest west,
 By the shore of that calm ocean, and look back
 On realms made happy.

Light the nuptial torch,
 And say the glad, yet solemn rite, that knits
 The youth and maiden. Happy days to them
 That wed this evening!—a long life of love,
 And blooming sons and daughters! Happy they
 Born at this hour, for they shall see an age
 Whiter and holier than the past, and go
 Late to their graves. Men shall wear softer hearts,
 And shudder at the butcheries of war,
 As now at other murders.

Hapless Greece!
 Enough of blood has wet thy rocks, and stained
 Thy rivers; deep enough thy chains have worn
 Their links into thy flesh; the sacrifice
 Of thy pure maidens, and thy innocent babes,
 And reverend priests, has expiated all
 Thy crimes of old. In yonder mingling lights
 There is an omen of good days for thee.

Thou shalt arise from midst the dust and sit
 Again among the nations. Thine own arm
 Shall yet redeem thee. Not in wars like thine
 The world takes part. Be it a strife of kings,—
 Despot with despot battling for a throne,—
 And Europe shall be stirred throughout her realms,
 Nations shall put on harness, and shall fall
 Upon each other, and in all their bounds
 The wailing of the childless shall not cease.
 Thine is a war for liberty, and thou
 Must fight it single-handed. The old world
 Looks coldly on the murderers of thy race,
 And leaves thee to the struggle; and the new,—
 I fear me thou couldst tell a shameful tale
 Of fraud and lust of gain;—thy treasury drained,
 And Missolonghi fallen. Yet thy wrongs
 Shall put new strength into thy heart and hand,
 And God and thy good sword shall yet work out,
 For thee, a terrible deliverance.

New York, 1826.

"United States Literary Gazette," September, 1826.

OCTOBER.

A Y, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath !
 When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
 And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
 And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
 Wind of the sunny south ! oh, still delay
 In the gay woods and in the golden air,
 Like to a good old age released from care,
 Journeying, in long serenity, away.
 In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
 Might wear out life like thee, mid bowers and brooks,
 And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
 And music of kind voices ever nigh ;
 And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
 Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

New York, 1826.

"United States Review," October, 1826.

THE DAMSEL OF PERU.

WHERE olive-leaves were twinkling in every
wind that blew,

There sat beneath the pleasant shade a damsel of Peru.
Betwixt the slender boughs, as they opened to the air,
Came glimpses of her ivory neck and of her glossy hair;
And sweetly rang her silver voice, within that shady
nook,

As from the shrubby glen is heard the sound of hidden
brook.

'Tis a song of love and valor, in the noble Spanish
tongue,

That once upon the sunny plains of old Castile was
sung;

When, from their mountain-holds, on the Moorish rout
below,

Had rushed the Christians like a flood, and swept away
the foe.

Awhile that melody is still, and then breaks forth anew
A wilder rhyme, a livelier note, of freedom and Peru.

For she has bound the sword to a youthful lover's side,
And sent him to the war the day she should have
 been his bride,

And bade him bear a faithful heart to battle for the right,
And held the fountains of her eyes till he was out of
 sight.

Since the parting kiss was given, six weary months
 are fled,

And yet the foe is in the land, and blood must yet
 be shed.

A white hand parts the branches, a lovely face looks forth,
And bright dark eyes gaze steadfastly and sadly toward
 the north.

Thou look'st in vain, sweet maiden, the sharpest sight
 would fail

To spy a sign of human life abroad in all the vale;
For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams fiercely
 beat,

And the silent hills and forest-tops seem reeling in the
 heat.

That white hand is withdrawn, that fair sad face is
 gone,

But the music of that silver voice is flowing sweetly on,
Not as of late, in cheerful tones, but mournfully and
 low,—

A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long ago,

Of him who died in battle, the youthful and the brave,
And her who died of sorrow, upon his early grave.

And see, along that mountain-slope, a fiery horseman
ride;

Mark his torn plume, his tarnished belt, the sabre at
his side.

His spurs are buried rowel-deep, he rides with loosened
rein,

There's blood upon his charger's flank and foam upon
the mane.

He speeds him toward the olive-grove, along that
shaded hill!

God shield the helpless maiden there, if he should
mean her ill!

And suddenly that song has ceased, and suddenly I
hear

A shriek sent up amid the shade, a shriek—but not
of fear.

For tender accents follow, and tender pauses speak
The overflow of gladness, when words are all too weak;
“I lay my good sword at thy feet, for now Peru is free,
And I am come to dwell beside the olive-grove with
thee.”

New York, 1826.

“United States Review,” November, 1826.

SPRING IN TOWN.

THE country ever has a lagging Spring,
 Waiting for May to call its violets forth,
 And June its roses; showers and sunshine bring,
 Slowly, the deepening verdure o'er the earth;
 To put their foliage out, the woods are slack,
 And one by one the singing-birds come back.

Within the city's bounds the time of flowers
 Comes earlier. Let a mild and sunny day,
 Such as full often, for a few bright hours,
 Breathes through the sky of March the airs of May,
 Shine on our roofs and chase the wintry gloom—
 And lo! our borders glow with sudden bloom.

For the wide sidewalks of Broadway are then
 Gorgeous as are a rivulet's banks in June,
 That overhung with blossoms, through its glen,
 Slides soft away beneath the sunny noon,
 And they who search the untrodden wood for flowers
 Meet in its depths no lovelier ones than ours.

For here are eyes that shame the violet,
 Or the dark drop that on the pansy lies,
 And foreheads, white, as when in clusters set,
 The anemones by forest-mountains rise;
 And the spring-beauty boasts no tenderer streak
 Than the soft red on many a youthful cheek.

And thick about those lovely temples lie
 Locks that the lucky Vignardonne has curled,
 Thrice happy 'man! whose trade it is to buy,
 And bake, and braid those love-knots of the world;
 Who curls of every glossy color keepest,
 And sellest, it is said, the blackest cheapest.

And well thou mayst—for Italy's brown maids
 Send the dark locks with which their brows are
 dressed,
 And Gascon lasses, from their jetty braids,
 Crop half, to buy a ribbon for the rest;
 But the fresh Norman girls their tresses spare,
 And the Dutch damsel keeps her flaxen hair.

Then, henceforth, let no maid nor matron grieve,
 To see her locks of an unlovely hue,
 Frouzy or thin, for liberal art shall give
 Such piles of curls as Nature never knew.
 Eve, with her veil of tresses, at the sight
 Had blushed, outdone, and owned herself a fright.

Soft voices and light laughter wake the street,
 Like notes of woodbirds, and where'er the eye
 Threads the long way, plumes wave, and twinkling feet
 Fall light, as hastes that crowd of beauty by.
 The ostrich, hurrying o'er the desert space,
 Scarce bore those tossing plumes with fleeter pace.

No swimming Juno gait, of languor born,
 Is theirs, but a light step of freest grace,—
 Light as Camilla's o'er the unbent corn,—
 A step that speaks the spirit of the place,
 Since Quiet, meek old dame, was driven away
 To Sing Sing and the shores of Tappan Bay.

Ye that dash by in chariots! who will care
 For steeds or footmen now? ye cannot show
 Fair face, and dazzling dress, and graceful air,
 And last edition of the shape! Ah, no,
 These sights are for the earth and open sky,
 And your loud wheels unheeded rattle by.

New York, 1827.

"United States Review," April, 1827.

THE DISINTERRED WARRIOR.

GATHER him to his grave again,
 And solemnly and softly lay,
 Beneath the verdure of the plain,
 The warrior's scattered bones away.
 Pay the deep reverence, taught of old,
 The homage of man's heart to death;
 Nor dare to trifle with the mould
 Once hallowed by the Almighty's breath.

The soul hath quickened every part—
 That remnant of a martial brow,
 Those ribs that held the mighty heart,
 That strong arm—strong no longer now.
 Spare them, each mouldering relic spare,
 Of God's own image; let them rest,
 Till not a trace shall speak of where
 The awful likeness was impressed.

For he was fresher from the hand
 That formed of earth the human face,

And to the elements did stand
 In nearer kindred than our race.
 In many a flood to madness tossed,
 In many a storm has been his path;
 He hid him not from heat or frost,
 But met them, and defied their wrath.

Then they were kind—the forests here,
 Rivers, and stiller waters, paid
 A tribute to the net and spear
 Of the red ruler of the shade.
 Fruits on the woodland branches lay,
 Roots in the shaded soil below;
 The stars looked forth to teach his way;
 The still earth warned him of the foe.

A noble race! but they are gone,
 With their old forests wide and deep,
 And we have built our homes upon
 Fields where their generations sleep.
 Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
 Upon their fields our harvest waves,
 Our lovers woo beneath their moon—
 Then let us spare, at least, their graves.

Great Barrington, 1827.

"United States Review," August, 1827.

A SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE
HUDSON.

COOL shades and dewes are round my way,
And silence of the early day;
Mid the dark rocks that watch his bed,
Glitters the mighty Hudson spread,
Unrippled, save by drops that fall
From shrubs that fringe his mountain wall;
And o'er the clear still water swells
The music of the Sabbath bells.

All, save this little nook of land,
Circled with trees, on which I stand;
All, save that line of hills which lie
Suspended in the mimic sky—
Seems a blue void, above, below,
Through which the white clouds come and go;
And from the green world's farthest steep
I gaze into the airy deep.

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth, that soonest pass away.

The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
Even love, long tried and cherished long,
Becomes more tender and more strong
At thought of that insatiate grave
From which its yearnings cannot save.

River! in this still hour thou hast
Too much of heaven on earth to last;
Nor long may thy still waters lie,
An image of the glorious sky.
Thy fate and mine are not repose,
And ere another evening close,
Thou to thy tides shalt turn again,
And I to seek the crowd of men.

New York, 1827.

"Talisman," 1828.

THE HURRICANE.

L ORD of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
I know thy breath in the burning sky!
And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
For the coming of the hurricane!

And lo! on the wing of the heavy gales,
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails;
Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along,
Like the dark eternity to come;
While the world below, dismayed and dumb,
Through the calm of the thick hot atmosphere,
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

They darken fast; and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
And he sends through the shade a funeral ray—
A glare that is neither night nor day,
A beam that touches, with hues of death,
The clouds above and the earth beneath.

To its covert glides the silent bird,
 While the hurricane's distant voice is heard
 Uplifted among the mountains round,
 And the forests hear and answer the sound.

He is come! he is come! do ye not behold
 His ample robes on the wind unrolled?
 Giant of air! we bid thee hail!—
 How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale;
 How his huge and writhing arms are bent
 To clasp the zone of the firmament,
 And fold at length, in their dark embrace,
 From mountain to mountain the visible space.

Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear
 The dust of the plains to the middle air:
 And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
 Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!
 You may trace its path by the flashes that start
 From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
 As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
 And flood the skies with a lurid glow.

What roar is that?—'tis the rain that breaks
 In torrents away from the airy lakes,
 Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
 And shedding a nameless horror round.

Ah! well-known woods, and mountains, and skies,
With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my eyes.
I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space,
A whirling ocean that fills the wall
Of the crystal heaven, and buries all.
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

New York, 1827.

“Talisman,” 1828.

WILLIAM TELL.

CHAINS may subdue the feeble spirit, but thee,
 TELL, of the iron heart! they could not tame!
 For thou wert of the mountains; they proclaim
 The everlasting creed of liberty.
 That creed is written on the untrampled snow,
 Thundered by torrents which no power can hold,
 Save that of God, when He sends forth His cold,
 And breathed by winds that through the free heaven
 blow.
 Thou, while thy prison-walls were dark around,
 Didst meditate the lesson Nature taught,
 And to thy brief captivity was brought
 A vision of thy Switzerland unbound.
 The bitter cup they mingled, strengthened thee
 For the great work to set thy country free.

New York, 1827.

"Talisman," 1828.

THE PAST.

THOU unrelenting Past !
 Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
 And fetters, sure and fast,
 Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn,
 Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
 And glorious ages gone
 Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
 Youth, Manhood, Age that draws us to the ground,
 And last, Man's Life on earth,
 Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years ;
 Thou hast my earlier friends, the good, the kind,
 Yielded to thee with tears—
 The venerable form, the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
 The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,
 And struggles hard to wring
 Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain; thy gates deny
 All passage save to those who hence depart;
 Nor to the streaming eye
 Thou giv'st them back—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
 Beauty and excellence unknown; to thee
 Earth's wonder and her pride
 Are gathered, as the waters to the sea;

Labors of good to man,
 Unpublished charity, unbroken faith,
 Love, that midst grief began,
 And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

Full many a mighty name
 Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered;
 With thee are silent fame,
 Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

Thine for a space are they—
 Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last:
 Thy gates shall yet give way,
 Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
 Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
 Shall then come forth to wear
 The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no!
 Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
 Smiles, radiant long ago,
 And features, the great soul's apparent seat.

All shall come back; each tie
 Of pure affection shall be knit again;
 Alone shall Evil die,
 And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
 Him, by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
 And her, who, still and cold,
 Fills the next grave—the beautiful and young.

New York, 1828.

"Talisman," 1829.

“UPON THE MOUNTAIN’S DISTANT
HEAD.”

UPON the mountain’s distant head,
With trackless snows forever white,
Where all is still, and cold, and dead,
Late shines the day’s departing light.

But far below those icy rocks,
The vales, in summer bloom arrayed,
Woods full of birds, and fields of flocks,
Are dim with mist and dark with shade.

’Tis thus, from warm and kindly hearts,
And eyes where generous meanings burn,
Earliest the light of life departs,
But lingers with the cold and stern.

New York, 1828.

“Talisman,” 1829.

THE LAMENT OF ROMERO.

WHEN freedom, from the land of Spain,
 By Spain's degenerate sons was driven,
 Who gave their willing limbs again
 To wear the chain so lately riven;
 Romero broke the sword he wore—
 "Go, faithful brand," the warrior said,
 "Go, undishonored, never more
 The blood of man shall make thee red.
 I grieve for that already shed;
 And I am sick at heart to know,
 That faithful friend and noble foe
 Have only bled to make more strong
 The yoke that Spain has worn so long.
 Wear it who will, in abject fear—
 I wear it not who have been free;
 The perjured Ferdinand shall hear
 No oath of loyalty from me."
 Then, hunted by the hounds of power,
 Romero chose a safe retreat,
 Where bleak Nevada's summits tower

Above the beauty at their feet.
 There once, when on his cabin lay
 The crimson light of setting day,
 When, even on the mountain's breast,
 The chainless winds were all at rest,
 And he could hear the river's flow
 From the calm paradise below;
 Warmed with his former fires again
 He framed this rude but solemn strain:

"Talisman," 1829.

I.

"Here will I make my home—for here at least I see,
 Upon this wild Sierra's side, the steps of Liberty;
 Where the locust chirps unscared beneath the unpruned
 lime,
 And the merry bee doth hide from man the spoil of
 the mountain-thyme;
 Where the pure winds come and go, and the wild-vine
 strays at will,
 An outcast from the haunts of men, she dwells with
 Nature still.

II.

"I see the valleys, Spain! where thy mighty rivers
 run,
 And the hills that lift thy harvests and vineyards to
 the sun,

And the flocks that drink thy brooks and sprinkle all
the green,
Where lie thy plains, with sheep-walks seamed, and
olive-shades between :
I see thy fig-trees bask, with the fair pomegranate
near,
And the fragrance of thy lemon-groves can almost
reach me here.

III.

“ Fair—fair—but fallen Spain ! ’tis with a swelling
heart,
That I think on all thou mightst have been, and look
at what thou art ;
But the strife is over now, and all the good and
brave,
That would have raised thee up, are gone, to exile or
the grave.
Thy fleeces are for monks, thy grapes for the convent
feast,
And the wealth of all thy harvest-fields for the
pampered lord and priest.

IV.

“ But I shall see the day—it will come before I
die—
I shall see it in my silver hairs, and with an age-
dimmed eye ;

When the spirit of the land to liberty shall bound,
As yonder fountain leaps away from the darkness of
the ground :

And to my mountain-cell, the voices of the free
Shall rise as from the beaten shore the thunders of
the sea."

"New York Review," February, 1826.

THE GREEK BOY.

GONE are the glorious Greeks of old,
 Glorious in mien and mind ;
 Their bones are mingled with the mould,
 Their dust is on the wind ;
 The forms they hewed from living stone
 Survive the waste of years, alone,
 And, scattered with their ashes, show
 What greatness perished long ago.

Yet fresh the myrtles there ; the springs
 Gush brightly as of yore ;
 Flowers blossom from the dust of kings,
 As many an age before.
 There Nature moulds as nobly now,
 As e'er of old, the human brow ;
 And copies still the martial form
 That braved Plataea's battle-storm.

Boy ! thy first looks were taught to seek
 Their heaven in Hellas' skies ;
 Her airs have tinged thy dusky cheek,
 Her sunshine lit thine eyes ;

Thine ears have drunk the woodland strains
 Heard by old poets, and thy veins
 Swell with the blood of demigods,
 That slumber in thy country's sods.

Now is thy nation free, though late ;
 Thy elder brethren broke—
 Broke, ere thy spirit felt its weight—
 The intolerable yoke.
 And Greece, decayed, dethroned, doth see
 Her youth renewed in such as thee :
 A shoot of that old vine that made
 The nations silent in its shade.

New York, 1828.

"Talisman," 1829.

THE HUNTER'S SERENADE.

THY bower is finished, fairest !
 Fit bower for hunter's bride,
 Where old woods overshadow
 The green savanna's side.
 I've wandered long, and wandered far,
 And never have I met,
 In all this lovely Western land,
 A spot so lovely yet.
 But I shall think it fairer
 When thou art come to bless,
 With thy sweet smile and silver voice,
 Its silent loveliness.

For thee the wild-grape glistens
 On sunny knoll and tree,
 The slim papaya ripens
 Its yellow fruit for thee.
 For thee the duck, on glassy stream,
 The prairie-fowl shall die ;
 My rifle for thy feast shall bring
 The wild-swan from the sky.

The forest's leaping panther,
 Fierce, beautiful, and fleet,
 Shall yield his spotted hide to be
 A carpet for thy feet.

I know, for thou hast told me,
 Thy maiden love of flowers;
 Ah, those that deck thy gardens
 Are pale compared with ours.
 When our wide woods and mighty lawns
 Bloom to the April skies,
 The earth has no more gorgeous sight
 To show to human eyes.
 In meadows red with blossoms,
 All summer long, the bee
 Murmurs, and loads his yellow thighs,
 For thee, my love, and me.

Or wouldst thou gaze at tokens
 Of ages long ago—
 Our old oaks stream with mosses,
 And sprout with mistletoe;
 And mighty vines, like serpents, climb
 The giant sycamore;
 And trunks, o'erthrown for centuries,
 Cumber the forest floor;

And in the great savanna,
 The solitary mound,
 Built by the elder world, o'erlooks
 The loneliness around.

Come, thou hast not forgotten
 Thy pledge and promise quite,
 With many blushes murmured,
 Beneath the evening light.
 Come, the young violets crowd my door,
 Thy earliest look to win,
 And at my silent window-sill
 The jessamine peeps in.
 All day the red-bird warbles
 Upon the mulberry near,
 And the night-sparrow trills her song
 All night, with none to hear.

New York, 1828.

"Talisman," 1829.

THE EVENING WIND.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou
 That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
 Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
 Roughening their crests, and scattering high their
 spray,
 And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
 To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone; a thousand bosoms round
 Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
 And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
 Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
 And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
 Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
 Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,
 God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse

The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
 Summoning from the innumerable boughs
 The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast :
 Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
 The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
 And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
 To feel thee ; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
 And dry the moistened curls that overspread
 His temples, while his breathing grows more deep ;
 And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
 And softly part his curtains to allow
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
 Which is the life of Nature, shall restore,
 With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
 Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more ;
 Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
 Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore ;
 And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
 He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

New York, 1829.

"Talisman," 1830.

“WHEN THE FIRMAMENT QUIVERS.”

WHEN the firmament quivers with daylight's
 young beam,
 And the woodlands awaking burst into a hymn,
 And the glow of the sky blazes back from the
 stream,
 How the bright ones of heaven in the brightness
 grow dim!

Oh! 'tis sad, in that moment of glory and song,
 To see, while the hill-tops are waiting the sun,
 The glittering band that kept watch all night long
 O'er Love and o'er Slumber, go out one by one:

Till the circle of ether, deep, ruddy, and vast,
 Scarce glimmers with one of the train that were
 there;
 And their leader, the day-star, the brightest and last,
 Twinkles faintly and fades in that desert of air.

Thus, Oblivion, from midst of whose shadow we came,
 Steals o'er us again when life's twilight is gone ;
 And the crowd of bright names, in the heaven of fame,
 Grow pale and are quenched as the years hasten on.

Let them fade—but we'll pray that the age, in whose
 flight,
 Of ourselves and our friends the remembrance shall
 die,
 May rise o'er the world, with the gladness and light
 Of the morning that withers the stars from the sky.

New York, 1829.

"Talisman," 1830.

“INNOCENT CHILD AND SNOW-WHITE
FLOWER.”

INNOCENT child and snow-white flower!
Well are ye paired in your opening hour.
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.

White as those leaves, just blown apart;
Are the folds of thy own young heart;
Guilty passion and cankering care
Never have left their traces there.

Artless one! though thou gazest now
O'er the white blossom with earnest brow,
Soon will it tire thy childish eye;
Fair as it is, thou wilt throw it by.

Throw it aside in thy weary hour,
Throw to the ground the fair white flower;
Yet, as thy tender years depart,
Keep that white and innocent heart.

New York, 1829.

“Talisman,” 1830.

TO THE RIVER ARVE.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN AT A HAMLET NEAR THE FOOT OF
MONT BLANC.

NOT from the sands or cloven rocks,
Thou rapid Arve! thy waters flow;
Nor earth, within her bosom, locks
Thy dark unfathomed wells below.
Thy springs are in the cloud, thy stream
Begins to move and murmur first
Where ice-peaks feel the noonday beam,
Or rain-storms on the glacier burst.

Born where the thunder and the blast
And morning's earliest light are born,
Thou rushest swoln, and loud, and fast,
By these low homes, as if in scorn:
Yet humbler springs yield purer waves;
And brighter, glassier streams than thine,
Sent up from earth's unlighted caves,
With heaven's own beam and image shine.

Yet stay ; for here are flowers and trees ;
 Warm rays on cottage-roofs are here ;
 And laugh of girls, and hum of bees,
 Here linger till thy waves are clear.
 Thou heedest not—thou hastest on ;
 From steep to steep thy torrent falls ;
 Till, mingling with the mighty Rhone,
 It rests beyond Geneva's walls.

Rush on—but were there one with me
 That loved me, I would light my hearth
 Here, where with God's own majesty
 Are touched the features of the earth.
 By these old peaks, white, high, and vast,
 Still rising as the tempests beat,
 Here would I dwell, and sleep, at last,
 Among the blossoms at their feet.

New York, 1829.

"Talisman," 1830.

TO COLE, THE PAINTER, DEPARTING FOR
EUROPE.

THINE eyes shall see the light of distant skies ;
 Yet, COLE ! thy heart shall bear to Europe's strand
 A living image of our own bright land,
 Such as upon thy glorious canvas lies ;
 Lone lakes—savannas where the bison roves—
 Rocks rich with summer garlands—solemn streams—
 Skies, where the desert eagle wheels and screams—
 Spring bloom and autumn blaze of boundless groves.
 Fair scenes shall greet thee where thou goest—fair,
 But different—everywhere the trace of men,
 Paths, homes, graves, ruins, from the lowest glen
 To where life shrinks from the fierce Alpine air.
 Gaze on them, till the tears shall dim thy sight,
 But keep that earlier, wilder image bright.

New York, 1829.

"Talisman," 1830.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF DECEMBER.

WILD was the day ; the wintry sea
 Moaned sadly on New-England's strand,
 When first the thoughtful and the free,
 Our fathers, trod the desert land.

They little thought how pure a light,
 With years, should gather round that day ;
 How love should keep their memories bright,
 How wide a realm their sons should sway.

Green are their bays ; but greener still
 Shall round their spreading fame be wreathed,
 And regions, now untrod, shall thrill
 With reverence when their names are breathed.

Till where the sun, with softer fires,
 Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,
 The children of the pilgrim sires
 This hallowed day like us shall keep.

New York, 1829.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

New York, 1829.

Edition of 1832.

HYMN OF THE CITY.

NOT in the solitude
 Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see,
 Only in savage wood
 And sunny vale, the present Deity;
 Or only hear his voice
 Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
 Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd
 Through the great city rolled,
 With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
 Choking the ways that wind
 'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
 From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies
 And lights their inner homes;
 For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
 And givest them the stores
 Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy Spirit is around,
 Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
 And this eternal sound—
 Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
 Like the resounding sea,
 Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hour of rest
 Comes, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
 Hushing its billowy breast—
 The quiet of that moment too is thine;
 It breathes of Him who keeps
 The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

New York, 1830 (?).

"Christian Examiner," 1830.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

OUR band is few but true and tried,
 Our leader frank and bold;
 The British soldier trembles
 When Marion's name is told.
 Our fortress is the good greenwood,
 Our tent the cypress-tree;
 We know the forest round us,
 As seamen know the sea.
 We know its walls of thorny vines,
 Its glades of reedy grass,
 Its safe and silent islands
 Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
 That little dread us near!
 On them shall light at midnight
 A strange and sudden fear:
 When, waking to their tents on fire,
 They grasp their arms in vain,
 And they who stand to face us
 Are beat to earth again;

And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts the tossing mane.

A moment in the British camp—
 A moment—and away
 Back to the pathless forest,
 Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
 Grave men with hoary hairs;
 Their hearts are all with Marion,
 For Marion are their prayers.
 And lovely ladies greet our band
 With kindest welcoming,
 With smiles like those of summer,
 And tears like those of spring.
 For them we wear these trusty arms,
 And lay them down no more
 Till we have driven the Briton,
 Forever, from our shore.

New York, 1831.

"New York Mirror," November, 1831.

THE PRAIRIES.

THESE are the gardens of the Desert, these
 The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
 For which the speech of England has no name—
 The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
 And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
 Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch,
 In airy undulations, far away,
 As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
 Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,
 And motionless forever.—Motionless?—
 No—they are all unchained again. The clouds
 Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
 The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
 Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
 The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!
 Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
 And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
 Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have played
 Among the palms of Mexico and vines
 Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks

That from the fountains of Sonora glide
 Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned
 A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
 Man hath no power in all this glorious work:
 The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
 And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
 With herbage, planted them with island groves,
 And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
 For this magnificent temple of the sky—
 With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
 Rival the constellations! The great heavens
 Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,—
 A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
 Than that which bends above our eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
 Among the high rank grass that sweeps his sides
 The hollow beating of his footstep seems
 A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
 Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here—
 The dead of other days?—and did the dust
 Of these fair solitudes once stir with life
 And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds
 That overlook the rivers, or that rise
 In the dim forest crowded with old oaks,
 Answer. A race, that long has passed away,
 Built them;—a disciplined and populous race
 Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek

Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
 Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
 The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields
 Nourished their harvests, here their herds were fed,
 When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,
 And bowed his manèd shoulder to the yoke.
 All day this desert murmured with their toils,
 Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked, and wooed
 In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
 From instruments of unremembered form,
 Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came—
 The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce,
 And the mound-builders vanished from the earth.
 The solitude of centuries untold
 Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf
 Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den
 Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
 Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone ;
 All—save the piles of earth that hold their bones,
 The platforms where they worshipped unknown gods,
 The barriers which they builded from the soil
 To keep the foe at bay—till o'er the walls
 The wild beleaguers broke, and, one by one,
 The strongholds of the plain were forced, and heaped
 With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood
 Flocked to those vast uncovered sepulchres,
 And sat unscared and silent at their feast.
 Haply some solitary fugitive,

Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense
 Of desolation and of fear became
 Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
 Man's better nature triumphed then. Kind words
 Welcomed and soothed him; the rude conquerors
 Seated the captive with their chiefs; he chose
 A bride among their maidens, and at length
 Seemed to forget—yet ne'er forgot—the wife
 Of his first love, and her sweet little ones,
 Butchered, amid their shrieks, with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise
 Races of living things, glorious in strength,
 And perish, as the quickening breath of God
 Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man, too,
 Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
 And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought
 A wilder hunting-ground. The beaver builds
 No longer by these streams, but far away,
 On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
 The white man's face—among Missouri's springs,
 And pools whose issues swell the Oregon—
 He rears his little Venice. In these plains
 The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
 Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
 Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
 The earth with thundering steps—yet here I meet
 His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
 Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
 They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
 And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of man,
 Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
 Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
 Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
 A more adventurous colonist than man,
 With whom he came across the eastern deep,
 Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
 And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
 Within the hollow oak. I listen long
 To his domestic hum, and think I hear
 The sound of that advancing multitude
 Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
 Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
 Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
 Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
 Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
 Over the dark brown furrows. All at once
 A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
 And I am in the wilderness alone.

Illinois, June, 1832.

"Knickerbocker Magazine," December, 1833.

THE ARCTIC LOVER.

GONE is the long, long winter night;
 Look, my belovèd one!
 How glorious, through his depths of light,
 Rolls the majestic sun!
 The willows, waked from winter's death,
 Give out a fragrance like thy breath—
 The summer is begun!

Ay, 'tis the long bright summer day:
 Hark to that mighty crash!
 The loosened ice-ridge breaks away—
 The smitten waters flash;
 Seaward the glittering mountain rides,
 While, down its green translucent sides,
 The foamy torrents dash.

See, love, my boat is moored for thee
 By ocean's weedy floor—
 The petrel does not skim the sea
 More swiftly than my oar.

We'll go where, on the rocky isles,
 Her eggs the screaming sea-fowl piles
 Beside the pebbly shore.

Or, bide thou where the poppy blows,
 With wind-flowers frail and fair,
 While I, upon his isle of snow,
 Seek and defy the bear.
 Fierce though he be, and huge of frame,
 This arm his savage strength shall tame,
 And drag him from his lair.

When crimson sky and flamy cloud
 Bespeak the summer o'er,
 And the dead valleys wear a shroud
 Of snows that melt no more,
 I'll build of ice thy winter home,
 With glistening walls and glassy dome,
 And spread with skins the floor.

The white fox by thy couch shall play;
 And, from the frozen skies,
 The meteors of a mimic day
 Shall flash upon thine eyes.
 And I—for such thy vow—meanwhile
 Shall hear thy voice and see thy smile,
 Till that long midnight flies.

New York, 1832.

"Knickerbocker Magazine," January, 1833.

THE HUNTER OF THE PRAIRIES.

AY, this is freedom!—these pure skies
 Were never stained with village smoke:
 The fragrant wind, that through them flies,
 Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.
 Here, with my rifle and my steed,
 And her who left the world for me,
 I plant me, where the red deer feed
 In the green desert—and am free.

For here the fair savannas know
 No barriers in the bloomy grass;
 Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,
 Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass.
 In pastures, measureless as air,
 The bison is my noble game;
 The bounding elk, whose antlers tear
 The branches, falls before my aim.

Mine are the river-fowl that scream
 From the long stripe of waving sedge;

The bear that marks my weapon's gleam,
 Hides vainly in the forest's edge;
 In vain the she-wolf stands at bay;
 The brindled catamount, that lies
 High in the boughs to watch his prey,
 Even in the act of springing, dies.

With what free growth the elm and plane
 Fling their huge arms across my way,
 Gray, old, and cumbered with a train
 Of vines, as huge, and old, and gray!
 Free stray the lucid streams, and find
 No taint in these fresh lawns and shades;
 Free spring the flowers that scent the wind
 Where never scythe has swept the glades.

Alone the Fire, when frost-winds sere
 The heavy herbage of the ground,
 Gathers his annual harvest here,
 With roaring like the battle's sound,
 And hurrying flames that sweep the plain,
 And smoke-streams gushing up the sky:
 I meet the flames with flames again,
 And at my door they cower and die.

Here, from dim woods, the aged past
 Speaks solemnly; and I behold
 The boundless future in the vast
 And lonely river, seaward rolled.

Who feeds its founts with rain and dew?
Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,
And trains the bordering vines, whose blue
Bright clusters tempt me as I pass?

Broad are these streams—my steed obeys,
Plunges, and bears me through the tide.
Wide are these woods—I tread the maze
Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.
I hunt till day's last glimmer dies
O'er woody vale and glassy height;
And kind the voice and glad the eyes
That welcome my return at night.

Illinois, 1832 (?).

"New York Mirror," 1834.

EARTH.

A MIDNIGHT black with clouds is in the sky ;
I seem to feel, upon my limbs, the weight
Of its vast brooding shadow. All in vain
Turns the tired eye in search of form ; no star
Pierces the pitchy veil ; no ruddy blaze,
From dwellings lighted by the cheerful hearth,
Tinges the flowering summits of the grass.
No sound of life is heard, no village hum,
Nor measured tramp of footstep in the path,
Nor rush of wind, while, on the breast of Earth,
I lie and listen to her mighty voice :
A voice of many tones—sent up from streams
That wander through the gloom, from woods unseen
Swayed by the sweeping of the tides of air,
From rocky chasms where darkness dwells all day,
And hollows of the great invisible hills,
And sands that edge the ocean, stretching far
Into the night—a melancholy sound !

O Earth ! dost thou too sorrow for the past
Like man thy offspring ? Do I hear thee mourn
Thy childhood's unreturning hours, thy springs

Gone with their genial airs and melodies,
 The gentle generations of thy flowers,
 And thy majestic groves of olden time,
 Perished with all their dwellers? Dost thou wail
 For that fair age of which the poets tell,
 Ere yet the winds grew keen with frost, or fire
 Fell with the rains or spouted from the hills,
 To blast thy greenness, while the virgin night
 Was guiltless and salubrious as the day?
 Or haply dost thou grieve for those that die—
 For living things that trod thy paths awhile,
 The love of thee and heaven—and now they sleep
 Mixed with the shapeless dust on which thy herds
 Trample and graze? I too must grieve with thee,
 O'er loved ones lost. Their graves are far away
 Upon thy mountains; yet, while I recline
 Alone, in darkness, on thy naked soil,
 The mighty nourisher and burial place
 Of man, I feel that I embrace their dust.

Ha! how the murmur deepens! I perceive
 And tremble at its dreadful import. Earth
 Uplifts a general cry for guilt and wrong,
 And heaven is listening. The forgotten graves
 Of the heart-broken utter forth their plaint.
 The dust of her who loved and was betrayed,
 And him who died neglected in his age;
 The sepulchres of those who for mankind

Labored, and earned the recompense of scorn ;
 Ashes of martyrs for the truth, and bones
 Of those who, in the strife for liberty,
 Were beaten down, their corses given to dogs,
 Their names to infamy, all find a voice.
 The nook in which the captive, overtoiled,
 Lay down to rest at last, and that which holds
 Childhood's sweet blossoms, crushed by cruel hands,
 Send up a plaintive sound. From battle-fields,
 Where heroes madly drave and dashed their hosts
 Against each other, rises up a noise,
 As if the armèd multitudes of dead
 Stirred in their heavy slumber. Mournful tones
 Come from the green abysses of the sea—
 A story of the crimes the guilty sought
 To hide beneath its waves. The glens, the groves,
 Paths in the thicket, pools of running brook,
 And banks and depths of lake, and streets and lanes
 Of cities, now that living sounds are hushed,
 Murmur of guilty force and treachery.

Here, where I rest, the vales of Italy
 Are round me, populous from early time,
 And field of the tremendous warfare waged
 'Twixt good and evil. Who, alas! shall dare
 Interpret to man's ear the mingled voice
 That comes from her old dungeons yawning now
 To the black air, her amphitheatres,

Where the dew gathers on the mouldering stones,
 And fanes of banished gods, and open tombs,
 And roofless palaces, and streets and hearths
 Of cities dug from their volcanic graves?
 I hear a sound of many languages,
 The utterance of nations now no more,
 Driven out by mightier, as the days of heaven
 Chase one another from the sky. The blood
 Of freemen shed by freemen, till strange lords
 Came in their hour of weakness, and made fast
 The yoke that yet is worn, cries out to heaven.

What then shall cleanse thy bosom, gentle Earth.
 From all its painful memories of guilt?
 The whelming flood, or the renewing fire,
 Or the slow change of time?—that so, at last,
 The horrid tale of perjury and strife,
 Murder and spoil, which men call history,
 May seem a fable, like the inventions told
 By poets of the gods of Greece. O thou,
 Who sittest far beyond the Atlantic deep,
 Among the sources of thy glorious streams,
 My native Land of Groves! a newer page
 In the great record of the world is thine;
 Shall it be fairer? Fear, and friendly Hope,
 And Envy, watch the issue, while the lines,
 By which thou shalt be judged, are written down.

Pisa, 1834.

"New York Mirror," March, 1835.

SEVENTY-SIX.

WHAT heroes from the woodland sprung,
 When, through the fresh-awakened land,
 The thrilling cry of freedom rung
 And to the work of warfare strung
 The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
 And ocean-mart replied to mart,
 And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,
 Pealed far away the startling sound
 Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
 From mountain-river swift and cold;
 The borders of the stormy deep,
 The vales where gathered waters sleep,
 Sent up the strong and bold,—

As if the very earth again
 Grew quick with God's creating breath,

And, from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair fond bride of yestereve,
And aged sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors haste away,
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;
Already blood, on Concord's plain,
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flowed at Lexington,
Like brooks of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal sward
Hallowed to freedom all the shore;
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
The footstep of a foreign lord
Profaned the soil no more.

“New York Mirror,” May, 1835.

TO THE APENNINES.

YOUR peaks are beautiful, ye Apennines!
 In the soft light of these serenest skies;
 From the broad highland region, black with pines,
 Fair as the hills of Paradise they rise,
 Bathed in the tint Peruvian slaves behold
 In rosy flushes on the virgin gold.

There, rooted to the aërial shelves that wear
 The glory of a brighter world, might spring
 Sweet flowers of heaven to scent the unbreathed air,
 And heaven's fleet messengers might rest the wing
 To view the fair earth in its summer sleep,
 Silent, and cradled by the glimmering deep.

Below you lie men's sepulchres, the old
 Etrurian tombs, the graves of yesterday;
 The herd's white bones lie mixed with human mould,
 Yet up the radiant steeps that I survey
 Death never climbed, nor life's soft breath, with pain,
 Was yielded to the elements again.

Ages of war have filled these plains with fear;
 How oft the hind has started at the clash
 Of spears, and yell of meeting armies here,
 Or seen the lightning of the battle flash
 From clouds, that rising with the thunder's sound,
 Hung like an earth-born tempest o'er the ground!

Ah me! what armèd nations—Asian horde,
 And Libyan host, the Scythian and the Gaul—
 Have swept your base and through your passes poured,
 Like ocean-tides uprising at the call
 Of tyrant winds—against your rocky side
 The bloody billows dashed, and howled, and died!

How crashed the towers before beleaguering foes,
 Sacked cities smoked and realms were rent in twain;
 And commonwealths against their rivals rose,
 Trode out their lives and earned the curse of Cain!
 While, in the noiseless air and light that flowed
 Round your fair brows, eternal Peace abode.

Here pealed the impious hymn, and altar-flames
 Rose to false gods, a dream-begotten throng,
 Jove, Bacchus, Pan, and earlier, fouler names;
 While, as the unheeding ages passed along,
 Ye, from your station in the middle skies,
 Proclaimed the essential Goodness, strong and wise.

In you the heart that sighs for freedom seeks
Her image; there the winds no barrier know,
Clouds come and rest and leave your fairy peaks;
While even the immaterial Mind, below,
And Thought, her wingèd offspring, chained by power,
Pine silently for the redeeming hour.

Italy, 1835.

“New York Mirror,” August, 1835.

THE KNIGHT'S EPITAPH.

THIS is the church which Pisa, great and free,
 Reared to St. Catharine. How the time-stained
 walls,

That earthquakes shook not from their poise, appear
 To shiver in the deep and voluble tones
 Rolled from the organ! Underneath my feet
 There lies the lid of a sepulchral vault.
 The image of an armèd knight is graven
 Upon it, clad in perfect panoply—
 Cuishes, and greaves, and cuirass, with barred helm,
 Gauntleted hand, and sword, and blazoned shield.
 Around, in Gothic characters, worn dim
 By feet of worshippers, are traced his name,
 And birth, and death, and words of eulogy.
 Why should I pore upon them? This old tomb,
 This effigy, the strange disusèd form
 Of this inscription, eloquently show
 His history. Let me clothe in fitting words
 The thoughts they breathe, and frame his epitaph:

"He whose forgotten dust for centuries
 Has lain beneath this stone, was one in whom
 Adventure, and endurance, and emprise,
 Exalted the mind's faculties and strung
 The body's sinews. Brave he was in fight,
 Courteous in banquet, scornful of repose,
 And bountiful, and cruel, and devout,
 And quick to draw the sword, in private feud,
 He pushed his quarrels to the death, yet prayed
 The saints as fervently on bended knees
 As ever shaven cenobite. He loved
 As fiercely as he fought. He would have borne
 The maid that pleased him from her bower by night
 To his hill castle, as the eagle bears
 His victim from the fold, and rolled the rocks
 On his pursuers. He aspired to see
 His native Pisa queen and arbitress
 Of cities; earnestly for her he raised
 His voice in council, and affronted death
 In battle-field, and climbed the galley's deck,
 And brought the captured flag of Genoa back,
 Or piled upon the Arno's crowded quay
 The glittering spoils of the tamed Saracen.
 He was not born to brook the stranger's yoke,
 But would have joined the exiles that withdrew
 Forever, when the Florentine broke in
 The gates of Pisa, and bore off the bolts
 For trophies—but he died before that day.

“He lived, the impersonation of an age
That never shall return. His soul of fire
Was kindled by the breath of the rude time
He lived in. Now a gentler race succeeds,
Shuddering at blood; the effeminate cavalier,
Turning his eyes from the reproachful past,
And from the hopeless future, gives to ease,
And love, and music, his inglorious life.”

Pisa, 1835.

“New York Mirror,” September, 1835.

THE CHILD'S FUNERAL.

FAIR is thy sight, Sorrento, green thy shore,
Black crags behind thee pierce the clear blue
skies ;

The sea, whose borderers ruled the world of yore,
As clear and bluer still before thee lies.

Vesuvius smokes in sight, whose fount of fire,
Outgushing, drowned the cities on his steeps ;
And murmuring Naples, spire o'ertopping spire,
Sits on the slope beyond where Virgil sleeps.

Here doth the earth, with flowers of every hue,
Prank her green breast when April suns are bright ;
Flowers of the morning-red, or ocean-blue,
Or like the mountain-frost of silvery white.

Currents of fragrance, from the orange-tree,
And sward of violets, breathing to and fro,
Mingle, and, wandering out upon the sea,
Refresh the idle boatsman where they blow.

Yet even here, as under harsher climes,
 Tears for the loved and early lost are shed ;
 That soft air saddens with the funeral chimes,
 Those shining flowers are gathered for the dead.

Here once a child, a smiling playful one,
 All the day long caressing and caressed,
 Died when its little tongue had just begun
 To lisp the names of those it loved the best.

The father strove his struggling grief to quell,
 The mother wept as mothers use to weep,
 Two little sisters wearied them to tell
 When their dear Carlo would awake from sleep.

Within an inner room his couch they spread,
 His funeral couch ; with mingled grief and love,
 They laid a crown of roses on his head,
 And murmured, " Brighter is his crown above."

They scattered round him, on the snowy sheet,
 Laburnum's strings of sunny-colored gems,
 Sad hyacinths, and violets dim and sweet,
 And orange-blossoms on their dark-green stems.

And now the hour is come, the priest is there ;
 Torches are lit and bells are tolled ; they go,
 With solemn rites of blessing and of prayer,
 To lay the little one in earth below.

The door is opened ; hark ! that quick glad cry ;
Carlo has waked, has waked, and is at play ;
The little sisters laugh and leap, and try
To climb the bed on which the infant lay.

And there he sits alive, and gayly shakes
In his full hands the blossoms red and white,
And smiles with winking eyes, like one who wakes
From long deep slumbers at the morning light.

Sorrento, 1835.

“Democratic Review,” 1836.

THE LIVING LOST.

MATRONS! the children of whose love,
 Each to his grave, in youth have passed;
 And now the mould is heaped above
 The dearest and the last!
 Bride! who dost wear the widow's veil
 Before the wedding flowers are pale!
 Ye deem the human heart endures
 No deeper, bitterer grief than yours.

Yet there are pangs of keener woe,
 Of which the sufferers never speak,
 Nor to the world's cold pity show
 The tears that scald the cheek,
 Wrung from their eyelids by the shame
 And guilt of those they shrink to name,
 Whom once they loved with cheerful will,
 And love, though fallen and branded, still.

Weep, ye who sorrow for the dead,
 Thus breaking hearts their pain relieve,
 And revered are the tears they shed,
 And honored ye who grieve.

The praise of those who sleep in earth,
The pleasant memory of their worth,
The hope to meet when life is past,
Shall heal the tortured mind at last.

But ye, who for the living lost
That agony in secret bear,
Who shall with soothing words accost
The strength of your despair?
Grief for your sake is scorn for them
Whom ye lament and all condemn;
And o'er the world of spirits lies
A gloom from which ye turn your eyes.

"New York Mirror," September, 1835.

THE HUNTER'S VISION.

UPON a rock that, high and sheer,
Rose from the mountain's breast,
A weary hunter of the deer
Had sat him down to rest,
And bared to the soft summer air
His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

All dim in haze the mountains lay,
With dimmer vales between;
And rivers glimmered on their way
By forests faintly seen;
While ever rose a murmuring sound
From brooks below and bees around.

He listened, till he seemed to hear
A strain, so soft and low,
That whether in the mind or ear
The listener scarce might know.
With such a tone, so sweet, so mild,
The watching mother lulls her child.

"Thou weary huntsman," thus it said,
 "Thou faint with toil and heat,
 The pleasant land of rest is spread
 Before thy very feet,
 And those whom thou wouldst gladly see
 Are waiting there to welcome thee."

He looked, and 'twixt the earth and sky,
 Amid the noontide haze,
 A shadowy region met his eye,
 And grew beneath his gaze,
 As if the vapors of the air
 Had gathered into shapes so fair.

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers
 Showed bright on rocky bank,
 And fountains welled beneath the bowers,
 Where deer and pheasant drank.
 He saw the glittering streams, he heard
 The rustling bough and twittering bird.

And friends, the dead, in boyhood dear
 There lived and walked again,
 And there was one who many a year
 Within her grave had lain,
 A fair young girl, the hamlet's pride—
 His heart was breaking when she died :

Bounding, as was her wont, she came
Right toward his resting-place,
And stretched her hand and called his name
With that sweet smiling face.
Forward with fixed and eager eyes,
The hunter leaned in act to rise :

Forward he leaned, and headlong down
Plunged from that craggy wall ;
He saw the rocks, steep, stern, and brown,
An instant, in his fall ;
A frightful instant—and no more,
The dream and life at once were o'er.

“New York Mirror,” November, 1835.

THE STRANGE LADY.

THE summer morn is bright and fresh, the birds
are darting by,
As if they loved to breast the breeze that sweeps the
cool clear sky;
Young Albert, in the forest's edge, has heard a rustling
sound,
An arrow slightly strikes his hand and falls upon the
ground.

A dark-haired woman from the wood comes suddenly
in sight;
Her merry eye is full and black, her cheek is brown
and bright;
Her gown is of the mid-sea blue, her belt with beads
is strung,
And yet she speaks in gentle tones, and in the English
tongue.

"It was an idle bolt I sent, against the villain crow;
Fair sir, I fear it harmed thy hand; beshrew my erring
bow!"

“Ah! would that bolt had not been spent! then, lady,
 might I wear
 A lasting token on my hand of one so passing fair!”

“Thou art a flatterer like the rest, but wouldst thou
 take with me
 A day of hunting in the wild beneath the greenwood
 tree,
 I know where most the pheasants feed, and where the
 red-deer herd,
 And thou shouldst chase the nobler game, and I bring
 down the bird.”

Now Albert in her quiver lays the arrow in its place,
 And wonders as he gazes on the beauty of her face:
 “Those hunting-grounds are far away, and, lady, ’twere
 not meet
 That night, amid the wilderness, should overtake thy
 feet.”

“Heed not the night; a summer lodge amid the wild
 is mine—
 ’Tis shadowed by the tulip-tree, ’tis mantled by the
 vine;
 The wild-plum sheds its yellow fruit from fragrant
 thickets nigh,
 And flowery prairies from the door stretch till they
 meet the sky.

"There in the boughs that hide the roof the mock-
 bird sits and sings,
 And there the hang-bird's brood within its little ham-
 mock swings;
 A pebbly brook, where rustling winds among the hop-
 ples sweep,
 Shall lull thee till the morning sun looks in upon thy
 sleep."

Away, into the forest depths by pleasant paths they go,
 He with his rifle on his arm, the lady with her bow,
 Where cornels arch their cool dark boughs o'er beds
 of wintergreen,
 And never at his father's door again was Albert seen.

That night upon the woods came down a furious
 hurricane,
 With howl of winds and roar of streams, and beating
 of the rain;
 The mighty thunder broke and drowned the noises in
 its crash;
 The old trees seemed to fight like fiends beneath the
 lightning flash.

Next day, within a mossy glen, 'mid mouldering trunks
 were found
 The fragments of a human form upon the bloody
 ground;

White bones from which the flesh was torn, and locks
of glossy hair;
They laid them in the place of graves, yet wist not
whose they were.

And whether famished evening wolves had mangled
Albert so,
Or that strange dame so gay and fair were some
mysterious foe,
Or whether to that forest-lodge, beyond the mountains
blue,
He went to dwell with her, the friends who mourned
him never knew.

Heidelberg, 1835 (?).

"New York Mirror," May, 1836.

LIFE.

O H Life! I breathe thee in the breeze,
I feel thee bounding in my veins,
I see thee in these stretching trees,
These flowers, this still rock's mossy stains.

This stream of odors flowing by
From clover-field and clumps of pine,
This music, thrilling all the sky,
From all the morning birds, are thine.

Thou fill'st with joy this little one,
That leaps and shouts beside me here,
Where Isar's clay-white rivulets run
Through the dark woods like frightened deer.

Ah! must thy mighty breath, that wakes
Insect and bird, and flower and tree,
From the low-trodden dust, and makes
Their daily gladness, pass from me—

Pass, pulse by pulse, till o'er the ground
 These limbs, now strong, shall creep with pain,
 And this fair world of sight and sound
 Seem fading into night again?

The things, oh LIFE! thou quickenest, all
 Strive upward toward the broad bright sky,
 Upward and outward, and they fall
 Back to earth's bosom when they die.

All that have borne the touch of death,
 All that shall live, lie mingled there,
 Beneath that veil of bloom and breath,
 That living zone 'twixt earth and air.

There lies my chamber dark and still,
 The atoms trampled by my feet
 There wait, to take the place I fill
 In the sweet air and sunshine sweet.

Well, I have had my turn, have been
 Raised from the darkness of the clod,
 And for a glorious moment seen
 The brightness of the skirts of God;

And knew the light within my breast,
 Though wavering oftentimes and dim,
 The power, the will, that never rest,
 And cannot die, were all from him.

Dear child! I know that thou wilt grieve
To see me taken from thy love,
Wilt seek my grave at Sabbath eve
And weep, and scatter flowers above.

Thy little heart will soon be healed,
And being shall be bliss, till thou
To younger forms of life must yield
The place thou fill'st with beauty now.

When we descend to dust again,
Where will the final dwelling be
Of thought and all its memories then,
My love for thee, and thine for me?

Munich, 1835.

Edition of 1842.

“EARTH’S CHILDREN CLEAVE TO EARTH.”

EARTH’S children cleave to Earth—her frail
Decaying children dread decay.

Yon wreath of mist that leaves the vale

And lessens in the morning ray—

Look, how, by mountain rivulet,

It lingers as it upward creeps,

And clings to fern and copsewood set

Along the green and dewy steeps:

Clings to the flowery kalmia, clings

To precipices fringed with grass,

Dark maples where the wood-thrush sings,

And bowers of fragrant sassafras.

Yet all in vain—it passes still

From hold to hold, it cannot stay,

And in the very beams that fill

The world with glory, wastes away,

Till, parting from the mountain’s brow,

It vanishes from human eye,

And that which sprung of earth is now

A portion of the glorious sky.

New York, 1836.

“New York Mirror,” July, 1836.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.

I.

HERE halt we our march, and pitch our tent
 On the rugged forest-ground,
 And light our fire with the branches rent
 By winds from the beeches round.
 Wild storms have torn this ancient wood,
 But a wilder is at hand,
 With hail of iron and rain of blood,
 To sweep and waste the land.

II.

How the dark wood rings with our voices shrill,
 That startle the sleeping bird!
 To-morrow eve must the voice be still,
 And the step must fall unheard.
 The Briton lies by the blue Champlain,
 In Ticonderoga's towers,
 And ere the sun rise twice again,
 Must they and the lake be ours.

III.

Fill up the bowl from the brook that glides
Where the fire-flies light the brake ;
A ruddier juice the Briton hides
In his fortress by the lake.
Build high the fire, till the panther leap
From his lofty perch in flight,
And we'll strengthen our weary arms with sleep
For the deeds of to-morrow night.

New York, 1836.

"New York Mirror," November, 1836.

CATTERSKILL FALLS.

MIDST greens and shades the Catterskill leaps,
From cliffs where the wood-flower clings;
All summer he moistens his verdant steeps,
With the sweet light spray of the mountain-springs,
And he shakes the woods on the mountain-side,
When they drip with the rains of autumn-tide.

But when, in the forest bare and old,
The blast of December calls,
He builds, in the starlight clear and cold,
A palace of ice where his torrent falls,
With turret, and arch, and fretwork fair,
And pillars blue as the summer air.

For whom are those glorious chambers wrought,
In the cold and cloudless night?
Is there neither spirit nor motion of thought
In forms so lovely, and hues so bright?
Hear what the gray-haired woodmen tell
Of this wild stream and its rocky dell.

'Twas hither a youth of dreamy mood,
A hundred winters ago,
Had wandered over the mighty wood,
When the panther's track was fresh on the snow,
And keen were the winds that came to stir
The long dark boughs of the hemlock-fir.

Too gentle of mien he seemed and fair,
For a child of those rugged steeps;
His home lay low in the valley where
The kingly Hudson rolls to the deeps;
But he wore the hunter's frock that day,
And a slender gun on his shoulder lay.

And here he paused, and against the trunk
Of a tall gray linden leant,
When the broad clear orb of the sun had sunk,
From his path in the frosty firmament,
And over the round dark edge of the hill
A cold green light was quivering still.

And the crescent moon, high over the green,
From a sky of crimson shone,
On that icy palace, whose towers were seen
To sparkle as if with stars of their own,
While the water fell with a hollow sound,
'Twixt the glistening pillars ranged around.

Is that a being of life, that moves
 Where the crystal battlements rise?
 A maiden watching the moon she loves,
 At the twilight hour, with pensive eyes?
 Was that a garment which seemed to gleam
 Betwixt the eye and the falling stream?

'Tis only the torrent tumbling o'er,
 In the midst of those glassy walls,
 Gushing, and plunging, and beating the floor
 Of the rocky basin in which it falls.
 'Tis only the torrent—but why that start?
 Why gazes the youth with a throbbing heart?

He thinks no more of his home afar,
 Where his sire and sister wait.
 He heeds no longer how star after star
 Looks forth on the night as the hour grows late
 He heeds not the snow-wreaths, lifted and cast
 From a thousand boughs, by the rising blast.

His thoughts are alone of those who dwell
 In the halls of frost and snow,
 Who pass where the crystal domes upswell
 From the alabaster floors below,
 Where the frost-trees shoot with leaf and spray,
 And frost-gems scatter a silvery day.

“And oh that those glorious haunts were mine!”

He speaks, and throughout the glen
Thin shadows swim in the faint moonshine,
And take a ghastly likeness of men,
As if the slain by the wintry storms
Came forth to the air in their earthly forms.

There pass the chasers of seal and whale,
With their weapons quaint and grim,
And bands of warriors in glittering mail,
And herdsmen and hunters huge of limb;
There are naked arms, with bow and spear,
And furry gauntlets the carbine rear.

There are mothers—and oh how sadly their eyes
On their children's white brows rest!
There are youthful lovers—the maiden lies,
In a seeming sleep, on the chosen breast;
There are fair wan women with moonstruck air,
The snow-stars flecking their long loose hair.

They eye him not as they pass along,
But his hair stands up with dread,
When he feels that he moves with that phantom throng,
Till those icy turrets are over his head,
And the torrent's roar as they enter seems
Like a drowsy murmur heard in dreams.

The glittering threshold is scarcely passed,
 When there gathers and wraps him round
 A thick white twilight, sullen and vast,
 In which there is neither form nor sound;
 The phantoms, the glory, vanish all,
 With the dying voice of the waterfall.

Slow passes the darkness of that trance,
 And the youth now faintly sees
 Huge shadows and gushes of light that dance
 On a rugged ceiling of unhewn trees,
 And walls where the skins of beasts are hung,
 And rifles glitter on antlers strung.

On a couch of shaggy skins he lies;
 As he strives to raise his head,
 Hard-featured woodmen, with kindly eyes,
 Come round him and smooth his furry bed,
 And bid him rest, for the evening star
 Is scarcely set and the day is far.

They had found at eve the dreaming one
 By the base of that icy steep,
 When over his stiffening limbs begun
 The deadly slumber of frost to creep,
 And they cherished the pale and breathless form,
 Till the stagnant blood ran free and warm.

New York, 1836 (?).

"New York Mirror" (?).

A PRESENTIMENT.

“O H father, let us hence—for hark,
 A fearful murmur shakes the air;
 The clouds are coming swift and dark;—
 What horrid shapes they wear!
 A wingèd giant sails the sky;
 Oh father, father, let us fly!”

“Hush, child; it is a grateful sound,
 That beating of the summer shower;
 Here, where the boughs hang close around,
 We’ll pass a pleasant hour,
 Till the fresh wind, that brings the rain,
 Has swept the broad heaven clear again.”

“Nay, father, let us haste—for see,
 That horrid thing with hornèd brow—
 His wings o’erhang this very tree,
 He scowls upon us now;
 His huge black arm is lifted high;
 Oh father, father, let us fly!”

“Hush, child;” but, as the father spoke,
Downward the livid firebolt came,
Close to his ear the thunder broke,
And, blasted by the flame,
The child lay dead; while dark and still
Swept the grim cloud along the hill.

New York, 1836.

“New York Mirror,” April, 1837.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
 Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
 And fiery hearts and armèd hands
 Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
 How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
 Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
 Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
 Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
 And talk of children on the hill,
 And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
 The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
 Men start not at the battle-cry,
 Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought ; but thou
 Who minglest in the harder strife
 For truths which men receive not now,
 Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare ! lingering long
 Through weary day and weary year,
 A wild and many-weaponed throng
 Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
 And blench not at thy chosen lot.
 The timid good may stand aloof,
 The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
 The foul and hissing bolt of scorn ;
 For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
 The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again ;
 Th' eternal years of God are hers ;
 But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
 And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
 When they who helped thee flee in fear,
 Die full of hope and manly trust,
 Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

New York, 1837.

"Democratic Review," October, 1837.

THE DEATH OF SCHILLER.

'TIS said, when Schiller's death drew nigh,
 The wish possessed his mighty mind,
 To wander forth wherever lie
 The homes and haunts of humankind.

Then strayed the poet, in his dreams,
 By Rome and Egypt's ancient graves;
 Went up the New World's forest-streams,
 Stood in the Hindoo's temple-caves;

Walked with the Pawnee, fierce and stark,
 The sallow Tartar, midst his herds,
 The peering Chinese, and the dark
 False Malay, uttering gentle words.

How could he rest? even then he trod
 The threshold of the world unknown;
 Already, from the seat of God,
 A ray upon his garments shone;—

Shone and awoke the strong desire
For love and knowledge reached not here,
Till, freed by death, his soul of fire
Sprang to a fairer, ampler sphere.

New York, 1838.

"Democratic Review," August, 1838.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

HOW shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
 The disembodied spirits of the dead,
 When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
 And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
 If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
 Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
 In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
 That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given—
 My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
 And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
 In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
 And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
 Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
 And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
 And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
 Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
 Await thee there, for thou hast bowed thy will
 In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
 And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell
 Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll;
 And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
 Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
 Wilt thou not keep the same belovèd name,
 The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
 Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
 The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
 The wisdom which is love—till I become
 Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

New York, 1839.

"Democratic Review," March, 1839.

THE FOUNTAIN.

FOUNTAIN, that springest on this grassy slope
 Thy quick cool murmur mingles pleasantly,
 With the cool sound of breezes in the beech,
 Above me in the noontide. Thou dost wear
 No stain of thy dark birthplace; gushing up
 From the red mould and slimy roots of earth
 Thou flashest in the sun. The mountain-air,
 In winter, is not clearer, nor the dew
 That shines on mountain-blossom. Thus doth God
 Bring, from the dark and foul, the pure and bright.

This tangled thicket on the bank above
 Thy basin, how thy waters keep it green!
 For thou dost feed the roots of the wild-vine
 That trails all over it, and to the twigs
 Ties fast her clusters. There the spice-bush lifts
 Her leafy lances; the viburnum there,
 Paler of foilage, to the sun holds up
 Her circlet of green berries. In and out
 The chipping-sparrow, in her coat of brown,
 Steals silently lest I should mark her nest.

Not such thou wert of yore, ere yet the axe
 Had smitten the old woods. Then hoary trunks
 Of oak, and plane, and hickory, o'er thee held
 A mighty canopy. When April winds
 Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush
 Of scarlet flowers. The tulip-tree, high up,
 Opened, in airs of June, her multitude
 Of golden chalices to humming-birds
 And silken-wingèd insects of the sky.

Frail wood-plants clustered round thy edge in spring;
 The liver-leaf put forth her sister blooms
 Of faintest blue. Here the quick-footed wolf,
 Passing to lap thy waters, crushed the flower
 Of sanguinaria, from whose brittle stem
 The red drops fell like blood. The deer, too, left
 Her delicate footprint in the soft moist mould,
 And on the fallen leaves. The slow-paced bear,
 In such a sultry summer noon as this,
 Stopped at thy stream, and drank, and leaped across.

But thou hast histories that stir the heart
 With deeper feeling; while I look on thee
 They rise before me. I behold the scene
 Hoary again with forests; I behold
 The Indian warrior, whom a hand unseen
 Has smitten with his death-wound in the woods,
 Creep slowly to thy well-known rivulet,

And slake his death-thirst. Hark, that quick fierce
cry

That rends the utter silence! 'tis the whoop
Of battle, and a throng of savage men
With naked arms and faces stained like blood,
Fill the green wilderness; the long bare arms
Are heaved aloft, bows twang and arrows stream;
Each makes a tree his shield, and every tree
Sends forth its arrow. Fierce the fight and short,
As is the whirlwind. Soon the conquerors
And conquered vanish, and the dead remain
Mangled by tomahawks. The mighty woods
Are still again, the frightened bird comes back
And plumes her wings; but thy sweet waters run
Crimson with blood. Then, as the sun goes down,
Amid the deepening twilight I descry
Figures of men that crouch and creep unheard,
And bear away the dead. The next day's shower
Shall wash the tokens of the fight away.

I look again—a hunter's lodge is built,
With poles and boughs, beside thy crystal well,
While the meek autumn stains the woods with gold,
And sheds his golden sunshine. To the door
The red-man slowly drags the enormous bear
Slain in the chestnut-thicket, or flings down
The deer from his strong shoulders. Shaggy fells
Of wolf and cougar hang upon the walls,

And loud the black-eyed Indian maidens laugh,
 That gather, from the rustling heaps of leaves,
 The hickory's white nuts, and the dark fruit
 That falls from the gray butternut's long boughs.

So centuries passed by, and still the woods
 Blossomed in spring, and reddened when the year
 Grew chill, and glistened in the frozen rains
 Of winter, till the white man swung the axe
 Beside thee—signal of a mighty change.
 Then all around was heard the crash of trees,
 Trembling awhile and rushing to the ground,
 The low of ox, and shouts of men who fired
 The brushwood, or who tore the earth with ploughs;
 The grain sprang thick and tall, and hid in green
 The blackened hill-side; ranks of spiky maize
 Rose like a host embattled; the buckwheat
 Whitened broad acres, sweetening with its flowers
 The August wind. White cottages were seen
 With rose-trees at the windows; barns from which
 Came loud and shrill the crowing of the cock;
 Pastures where rolled and neighed the lordly horse,
 And white flocks browsed and bleated. A rich turf
 Of grasses brought from far o'ercrept thy bank,
 Spotted with the white clover. Blue-eyed girls
 Brought pails, and dipped them in thy crystal pool;
 And children, ruddy-cheeked and flaxen-haired,
 Gathered the glistening cowslip from thy edge.

Since then, what steps have trod thy border! Here
 On thy green bank, the woodman of the swamp
 Has laid his axe, the reaper of the hill
 His sickle, as they stooped to taste thy stream.
 The sportsman, tired with wandering in the still
 September noon, has bathed his heated brow
 In thy cool current. Shouting boys, let loose
 For a wild holiday, have quaintly shaped
 Into a cup the folded linden-leaf,
 And dipped thy sliding crystal. From the wars
 Returning, the plumed soldier by thy side
 Has sat, and mused how pleasant 'twere to dwell
 In such a spot, and be as free as thou,
 And move for no man's bidding more. At eve,
 When thou wert crimson with the crimson sky,
 Lovers have gazed upon thee, and have thought
 Their mingled lives should flow as peacefully
 And brightly as thy waters. Here the sage,
 Gazing into thy self-replenished depth,
 Has seen eternal order circumscribe
 And bound the motions of eternal change,
 And from the gushing of thy simple fount
 Has reasoned to the mighty universe.

Is there no other change for thee, that lurks
 Among the future ages? Will not man
 Seek out strange arts to wither and deform
 The pleasant landscape which thou makest green?

Or shall the veins that feed thy constant stream
Be choked in middle earth, and flow no more
For ever, that the water-plants along
Thy channel perish, and the bird in vain
Alight to drink? Haply shall these green hills
Sink, with the lapse of years, into the gulf
Of ocean waters, and thy source be lost
Amidst the bitter brine? Or shall they rise,
Upheaved in broken cliffs and airy peaks,
Haunts of the eagle and the snake, and thou
Gush midway from the bare and barren steep?

New York, 1839.

"Democratic Review," April, 1839.

THE WINDS.

I.

YE winds, ye unseen currents of the air,
Softly ye played a few brief hours ago;
Ye bore the murmuring bee; ye tossed the air
O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow;
Ye rolled the round white cloud through depths of
blue;
Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering dew;
Before you the catalpa's blossoms flew,
Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.

II.

What change is this! Ye take the cataract's sound;
Ye take the whirlpool's fury and its might;
The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground;
The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight.
The clouds before you shoot like eagles past;
The homes of men are rocking in your blast;
Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast,
Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight.

III.

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain,
 To escape your wrath; ye seize and dash them
 dead;
 Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain;
 The harvest-field becomes a river's bed;
 And torrents tumble from the hills around,
 Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drowned,
 And wailing voices, midst the tempest's sound,
 Rise, as the rushing waters swell and spread.

IV.

Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard
 A wilder roar, and men grow pale, and pray;
 Ye fling its floods around you, as a bird
 Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's
 spray.
 See! to the breaking mast the sailor clings;
 Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs,
 And take the mountain-billow on your wings,
 And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

V.

Why rage ye thus?—no strife for liberty
 Has made you mad; no tyrant, strong through
 fear,
 Has chained your pinions till ye wrenched them free,
 And rushed into the unmeasured atmosphere;

For ye were born in freedom where ye blow ;
 Free o'er the mighty deep to come and go ;
 Earth's solemn woods were yours, her wastes of
 snow,
 Her isles where summer blossoms all the year.

VI.

O ye wild winds! a mightier Power than yours
 In chains upon the shore of Europe lies ;
 The sceptred throng whose fetters he endures
 Watch his mute throes with terror in their eyes ;
 And armèd warriors all around him stand,
 And, as he struggles, tighten every band,
 And lift the heavy spear, with threatening hand,
 To pierce the victim, should he strive to rise.

VII.

Yet oh, when that wronged Spirit of our race
 Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn
 chains,
 And leap in freedom from his prison-place,
 Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful plains,
 Let him not rise, like these mad winds of air,
 To waste the loveliness that time could spare,
 To fill the earth with woe, and blot her fair
 Unconscious breast with blood from human
 veins.

VIII.

But may he like the spring-time come abroad,
Who crumbles winter's gyves with gentle might,
When in the genial breeze, the breath of God,
The unsealed springs come spouting up to light;
Flowers start from their dark prisons at his feet,
The woods, long dumb, awake to hymnings sweet,
And morn and eve, whose glimmerings almost meet,
Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient night.

New York, 1839.

"Knickerbocker Magazine," 1839.

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM LEGGETT.

THE earth may ring, from shore to shore,
 With echoes of a glorious name,
 But he, whose loss our tears deplore,
 Has left behind him more than fame.

For when the death-frost came to lie
 On Leggett's warm and mighty heart,
 And quench his bold and friendly eye,
 His spirit did not all depart.

The words of fire that from his pen
 Were flung upon the fervid page,
 Still move, still shake the hearts of men,
 Amid a cold and coward age.

His love of truth, too warm, too strong
 For Power or Fear to chain or chill,
 His hate of tyranny and wrong,
 Burn in the breasts he kindled still.

New York, 1839.

"Democratic Review," November, 1839.

THE OLD MAN'S COUNSEL.

A MONG our hills and valleys, I have known
 Wise and grave men, who, while their diligent
 hands

Tended or gathered in the fruits of earth,
 Were reverent learners in the solemn school
 Of Nature. Not in vain to them were sent
 Seed-time and harvest, or the vernal shower
 That darkened the brown tilth, or snow that beat
 On the white winter hills. Each brought, in turn,
 Some truth, some lesson on the life of man,
 Or recognition of the Eternal mind
 Who veils his glory with the elements.

One such I knew long since, a white-haired man,
 Pithy of speech, and merry when he would;
 A genial optimist, who daily drew
 From what he saw his quaint moralities.
 Kindly he held communion, though so old,
 With me a dreaming boy, and taught me much
 That books tell not, and I shall ne'er forget.

The sun of May was bright in middle heaven,
 And steeped the sprouting forests, the green hills,
 And emerald wheat-fields, in his yellow light.
 Upon the apple-tree, where rosy buds
 Stood clustered, ready to burst forth in bloom,
 The robin warbled forth his full clear note
 For hours, and wearied not. Within the woods,
 Whose young and half transparent leaves scarce cast
 A shade, gay circles of anemones
 Danced on their stalks; the shad-bush, white with
 flowers,
 Brightened the glens; the new-leaved butternut
 And quivering poplar to the roving breeze
 Gave a balsamic fragrance. In the fields
 I saw the pulses of the gentle wind
 On the young grass. My heart was touched with
 joy
 At so much beauty, flushing every hour
 Into a fuller beauty; but my friend,
 The thoughtful ancient, standing at my side,
 Gazed on it mildly sad. I asked him why.

"Well mayst thou join in gladness," he replied,
 "With the glad earth, her springing plants and flowers,
 And this soft wind, the herald of the green
 Luxuriant summer. Thou art young like them,
 And well mayst thou rejoice. But while the flight
 Of seasons fills and knits thy spreading frame,

It withers mine, and thins my hair, and dims
 These eyes, whose fading light shall soon be quenched
 In utter darkness. Hearest thou that bird?"

I listened, and from midst the depth of woods
 Heard the love-signal of the grouse, that wears
 A sable ruff around his mottled neck;
 Partridge they call him by our northern streams,
 And pheasant by the Delaware. He beat
 His barred sides with his speckled wings, and made
 A sound like distant thunder; slow the strokes
 At first, then fast and faster, till at length
 They passed into a murmur and were still.

"There hast thou," said my friend, "a fitting type
 Of human life. 'Tis an old truth, I know,
 But images like these revive the power
 Of long familiar truths. Slow pass our days
 In childhood, and the hours of light are long
 Betwixt the morn and eve; with swifter lapse
 They glide in manhood, and in age they fly;
 Till days and seasons flit before the mind
 As flit the snow-flakes in a winter storm,
 Seen rather than distinguished. Ah! I seem
 As if I sat within a helpless bark,
 By swiftly-running waters hurried on
 To shoot some mighty cliff. Along the banks
 Grove after grove, rock after frowning rock,

Bare sands and pleasant homes, and flowery nooks,
 And isles and whirlpools in the stream, appear
 Each after each, but the devoted skiff
 Darts by so swiftly that their images
 Dwell not upon the mind, or only dwell
 In dim confusion; faster yet I sweep
 By other banks, and the great gulf is near.

“Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long,
 And this fair change of seasons passes slow,
 Gather and treasure up the good they yield—
 All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts
 And kind affections, reverence for thy God
 And for thy brethren; so when thou shalt come
 Into these barren years, thou mayst not bring
 A mind unfurnished and a withered heart.”

Long since that white-haired ancient slept—but still,
 When the red flower-buds crowd the orchard-bough,
 And the ruffed grouse is drumming far within
 The woods, his venerable form again
 Is at my side, his voice is in my ear.

New York, 1840.

“Democratic Review,” February, 1840.

AN EVENING REVERY.

THE summer day is closed—the sun is set :
 Well they have done their office, those bright
 hours,

The latest of whose train goes softly out
 In the red west. The green blade of the ground
 Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young twig
 Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun;
 Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown
 And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil,
 From bursting cells, and in their graves await
 Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
 Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
 That now are still for ever; painted moths
 Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
 The mother-bird hath broken for her brood
 Their prison shell, or shoved them from the nest,
 Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
 In woodland cottages with barky walls,
 In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
 Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe.

Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
 Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
 Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out
 And filled, and closed. This day hath parted friends
 That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
 New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
 Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
 Had wooed; and it hath heard, from lips which late
 Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,
 That told the wedded one her peace was flown.
 Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
 Is added now to Childhood's merry days,
 And one calm day to those of quiet Age.
 Still the fleet hours run on; and as I lean,
 Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit,
 By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
 Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
 Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
 And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

O thou great Movement of the Universe,
 Or Change, or Flight of Time—for ye are one!
 That bearest, silently, this visible scene
 Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
 Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
 I feel the mighty current sweep me on;
 Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
 The courses of the stars; the very hour

He knows when they shall darken or grow bright ;
 Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and of Death
 Come unforewarned. Who next, of those I love,
 Shall pass from life, or, sadder yet, shall fall
 From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
 With friends, or shame and general scorn of men—
 Which who can bear?—or the fierce rack of pain—
 Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
 Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
 Into the stilly twilight of my age?
 Or do the portals of another life
 Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
 Impend around me? Oh! beyond that bourne,
 In the vast cycle of being which begins
 At that dread threshold, with what fairer forms
 Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
 Its workings? Gently—so have good men taught—
 Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
 Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
 Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
 Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

New York, 1840.

“Knickerbocker,” January, 1841.

A DREAM.

I HAD a dream—a strange, wild dream—
Said a dear voice at early light ;
And even yet its shadows seem
To linger in my waking sight.

Earth, green with spring, and fresh with dew,
And bright with morn, before me stood ;
And airs just wakened softly blew
On the young blossoms of the wood.

Birds sang within the sprouting shade,
Bees hummed amid the whispering grass,
And children prattled as they played
Beside the rivulet's dimpling glass.

Fast climbed the sun : the birds were flown,
There played no children in the glen ;
For some were gone, and some were grown
To blooming dames and bearded men.

'Twas noon, 'twas summer: I beheld
 Woods darkening in the flush of day,
 And that bright rivulet spread and swelled,
 A mighty stream, with creek and bay.

And here was love, and there was strife,
 And mirthful shouts, and wrathful cries,
 And strong men, struggling as for life,
 With knotted limbs and angry eyes.

Now stooped the sun—the shades grew thin;
 The rustling paths were piled with leaves,
 And sunburnt groups were gathering in,
 From the shorn field, its fruits and sheaves.

The river heaved with sullen sounds;
 The chilly wind was sad with moans;
 Black hearses passed, and burial-grounds
 Grew thick with monumental stones.

Still waned the day; the wind that chased
 The jagged clouds blew chiller yet;
 The woods were stripped, the fields were waste;
 The wintry sun was near his set.

And of the young, and strong, and fair,
 A lonely remnant, gray and weak,
 Lingered, and shivered to the air
 Of that bleak shore and water bleak.

Ah! age is drear, and death is cold!
 I turned to thee, for thou wert near,
 And saw thee withered, bowed, and old,
 And woke all faint with sudden fear.

'Twas thus I heard the dreamer say,
 And bade her clear her clouded brow;
 "For thou and I, since childhood's day,
 Have walked in such a dream till now.

"Watch we in calmness, as they rise,
 The changes of that rapid dream,
 And note its lessons, till our eyes
 Shall open in the morning beam."

New York, 1841.

"Democratic Review," December, 1841.

THE PAINTED CUP.

THE fresh savannas of the Sangamon
 Here rise in gentle swells, and the long grass
 Is mixed with rustling hazels. Scarlet tufts
 Are glowing in the green, like flakes of fire ;
 The wanderers of the prairie know them well,
 And call that brilliant flower the Painted Cup.

Now, if thou art a poet, tell me not
 That these bright chalices were tinted thus
 To hold the dew for fairies, when they meet
 On moonlight evenings in the hazel-bowers,
 And dance till they are thirsty. Call not up,
 Amid this fresh and virgin solitude,
 The faded fancies of an elder world ;
 But leave these scarlet cups to spotted moths
 Of June, and glistening flies, and humming-birds,
 To drink from, when on all these boundless lawns
 The morning sun looks hot. Or let the wind
 O'erturn in sport their ruddy brims, and pour
 A sudden shower upon the strawberry-plant,

To swell the reddening fruit that even now
Breathes a slight fragrance from the sunny slope.

But thou art of a gayer fancy. Well—
Let then the gentle Manitou of flowers,
Lingering amid the bloomy waste he loves,
Though all his swarthy worshippers are gone—
Slender and small, his rounded cheek all brown
And ruddy with the sunshine; let him come
On summer mornings, when the blossoms wake,
And part with little hands the spiky grass,
And touching, with his cherry lips, the edge
Of these bright beakers, drain the gathered dew.

Illinois, 1842.

“Democratic Review.”

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarlèd pines,
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the
ground

Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale-blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

O FREEDOM! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailèd hand

Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
 Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
 With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
 Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
 His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
 They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven;
 Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
 And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
 Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
 The links are shivered, and the prison-walls
 Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
 As springs the flame above a burning pile,
 And shoutest to the nations, who return
 Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands:
 Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
 While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
 To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
 And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
 Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
 Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
 His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
 The earliest furrow on the mountain-side,
 Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
 Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
 Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
 Is later born than thou; and as he meets

The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age—
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest-trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

New York, 1842.

“Knickerbocker,” February, 1842.

THE MAIDEN'S SORROW.

SEVEN long years has the desert rain
 Dropped on the clods that hide thy face;
 Seven long years of sorrow and pain
 I have thought of thy burial-place;

Thought of thy fate in the distant West,
 Dying with none that loved thee near,
 They who flung the earth on thy breast
 Turned from the spot without a tear.

There, I think, on that lonely grave,
 Violets spring in the soft May shower;
 There, in the summer breezes, wave
 Crimson phlox and moccasin-flower.

There the turtles alight, and there
 Feeds with her fawn the timid doe;
 There, when the winter woods are bare,
 Walks the wolf on the crackling snow.

Soon wilt thou wipe my tears away ;
All my task upon earth is done ;
My poor father, old and gray,
Slumbers beneath the churchyard stone.

In the dreams of my lonely bed,
Ever thy form before me seems,
All night long I talk with the dead,
All day long I think of my dreams.

This deep wound that bleeds and aches,
This long pain, a sleepless pain—
When the Father my spirit takes,
I shall feel it no more again.

New York, 1842.

“Home Library,” 1844.

A HYMN OF THE SEA.

THE sea is mighty, but a mightier sways
 His restless billows. Thou, whose hands have
 scooped
 His boundless gulfs and built his shore, thy breath,
 That moved in the beginning o'er his face,
 Moves o'er it evermore. The obedient waves
 To its strong motion roll, and rise and fall.
 Still from that realm of rain thy cloud goes up,
 As at the first, to water the great earth,
 And keep her valleys green. A hundred realms
 Watch its broad shadow warping on the wind,
 And in the dropping shower, with gladness hear
 Thy promise of the harvest. I look forth
 Over the boundless blue, where joyously
 The bright crests of innumerable waves
 Glance to the sun at once, as when the hands
 Of a great multitude are upward flung
 In acclamation. I behold the ships
 Gliding from cape to cape, from isle to isle,
 Or stemming toward far lands, or hastening home

From the Old World. It is thy friendly breeze
 That bears them, with the riches of the land,
 And treasure of dear lives, till, in the port,
 The shouting seaman climbs and furls the sail.

But who shall bide thy tempest, who shall face
 The blast that wakes the fury of the sea?
 O God! thy justice makes the world turn pale,
 When on the armèd fleet, that royally
 Bears down the surges, carrying war, to smite
 Some city, or invade some thoughtless realm,
 Descends the fierce tornado. The vast hulks
 Are whirled like chaff upon the waves; the sails
 Fly, rent like webs of gossamer; the masts
 Are snapped asunder; downward from the decks,
 Downward are slung, into the fathomless gulf,
 Their cruel engines; and their hosts, arrayed
 In trappings of the battle-field, are whelmed
 By whirlpools, or dashed dead upon the rocks.
 Then stand the nations still with awe, and pause,
 A moment, from the bloody work of war.

These restless surges eat away the shores
 Of earth's old continents; the fertile plain
 Welters in shallows, headlands crumble down,
 And the tide drifts the sea-sand in the streets
 Of the drowned city. Thou, meanwhile, afar
 In the green chambers of the middle sea,

Where broadest spread the waters and the line
 Sinks deepest, while no eye beholds thy work,
 Creator! thou dost teach the coral-worm
 To lay his mighty reefs. From age to age,
 He builds beneath the waters, till, at last,
 His bulwarks overtop the brine, and check
 The long wave rolling from the southern pole
 To break upon Japan. Thou bidd'st the fires,
 That smoulder under ocean, heave on high
 The new-made mountains, and uplift their peaks,
 A place of refuge for the storm-driven bird.
 The birds and wafting billows plant the rifts
 With herb and tree; sweet fountains gush; sweet airs
 Ripple the living lakes that, fringed with flowers,
 Are gathered in the hollows. Thou dost look
 On thy creation and pronounce it good.
 Its valleys, glorious in their summer green,
 Praise thee in silent beauty, and its woods,
 Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join
 The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.

Cape Ann, Mass., 1842.

"Christian Examiner," September, 1842.

THE RETURN OF YOUTH.

MY friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,
 For thy fair youthful years too swift of
 flight ;

Thou musest, with wet eyes, upon the time
 Of cheerful hopes that filled the world with
 light—

Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,
 And quick the thought that moved thy tongue
 to speak,

And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong
 Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,
 Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep ;
 A path, thick-set with changes and decays,
 Slopes downward to the place of common sleep ;
 And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,
 Leave one by one thy side, and, waiting near,
 Thou seest the sad companions of thy age—
 Dull love of rest, and weariness and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
 Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die.
 Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
 Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;
 Waits, like the morn, that folds her wings and hides
 Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;
 Waits, like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides
 Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
 On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
 Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
 Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.
 He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
 Life's early glory to thine eyes again,
 Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
 Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,
 Of mountains where immortal morn prevails?
 Comes there not, through the silence, to thine ear
 A gentle rustling of the morning gales;
 A murmur, wafted from that glorious shore,
 Of streams that water banks forever fair,
 And voices of the loved ones gone before,
 More musical in that celestial air?

New York, 1842.

"Graham's Magazine," October, 1842.

NOON.

FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

'TIS noon. At noon the Hebrew bowed the knee
 And worshipped, while the husbandmen withdrew
 From the scorched field, and the wayfaring man
 Grew faint, and turned aside by bubbling fount,
 Or rested in the shadow of the palm.

I, too, amid the overflow of day,
 Behold the power which wields and cherishes
 The frame of Nature. From this brow of rock
 That overlooks the Hudson's western marge,
 I gaze upon the long array of groves,
 The piles and gulfs of verdure drinking in
 The grateful heats. They love the fiery sun;
 Their broadening leaves grow glossier, and their sprays
 Climb as he looks upon them. In the midst,
 The swelling river, into his green gulfs,
 Unshadowed save by passing sails above,
 Takes the redundant glory, and enjoys
 The summer in his chilly bed. Coy flowers,
 That would not open in the early light,

Push back their plaited sheaths. The rivulet's pool,
 That darkly quivered all the morning long
 In the cool shade, now glimmers in the sun;
 And o'er its surface shoots, and shoots again,
 The glittering dragon-fly, and deep within
 Run the brown water-beetles to and fro.

A silence, the brief sabbath of an hour,
 Reigns o'er the fields; the laborer sits within
 His dwelling; he has left his steers awhile,
 Unyoked, to bite the herbage, and his dog
 Sleeps stretched beside the door-stone in the shade.
 Now the gray marmot, with uplifted paws,
 No more sits listening by his den, but steals
 Abroad, in safety, to the clover-field,
 And crops its juicy blossoms. All the while
 A ceaseless murmur from the populous town
 Swells o'er these solitudes: a mingled sound
 Of jarring wheels, and iron hoofs that clash
 Upon the stony ways, and hammer-clang,
 And creak of engines lifting ponderous bulks,
 And calls and cries, and tread of eager feet,
 Innumerable, hurrying to and fro.
 Noon, in that mighty mart of nations, brings
 No pause to toil and care. With early day
 Began the tumult, and shall only cease
 When midnight, hushing one by one the sounds
 Of bustle, gathers the tired brood to rest.

Thus, in this feverish time, when love of gain
And luxury possess the hearts of men,
Thus is it with the noon of human life.
We, in our fervid manhood, in our strength
Of reason, we, with hurry, noise, and care,
Plan, toil, and strive, and pause not to refresh
Our spirits with the calm and beautiful
Of God's harmonious universe, that won
Our youthful wonder; pause not to inquire
Why we are here; and what the reverence
Man owes to man, and what the mystery
That links us to the greater world, beside
Whose borders we but hover for a space.

Weehawken, 1842.

"Home Library," 1844.

THE CROWDED STREET.

LET me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest;
To halls in which the feast is spread;
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
 Shall shudder as they reach the door
 Where one who made their dwelling dear,
 Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
 And dreams of greatness in thine eye!
 Go'st thou to build an early name,
 Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow!
 Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
 Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
 Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread
 The dance till daylight gleam again?
 Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
 Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
 The cold dark hours, how slow the light;
 And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
 Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each, where his tasks or pleasures call,
 They pass, and heed each other not.
 There is who heeds, who holds them all,
 In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

New York, 1843.

"Graham's Magazine," March, 1843.

THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER.

IT was a hundred years ago,
 When, by the woodland ways,
 The traveller saw the wild-deer drink,
 Or crop the birchen sprays.

Beneath a hill, whose rocky side
 O'erbrowed a grassy mead,
 And fenced a cottage from the wind,
 A deer was wont to feed.

She only came when on the cliffs
 The evening moonlight lay,
 And no man knew the secret haunts
 In which she walked by day.

White were her feet, her forehead showed
 A spot of silvery white,
 That seemed to glimmer like a star
 In autumn's hazy night.

And here, when sang the whippoorwill,
She cropped the sprouting leaves,
And herè her rustling steps were heard
On still October eves.

But when the broad midsummer moon
Rose o'er that grassy lawn,
Beside the silver-footed deer
There grazed a spotted fawn.

The cottage dame forbade her son
To aim the rifle here;
"It were a sin," she said, "to harm
Or fright that friendly deer.

"This spot has been my pleasant home
Ten peaceful years and more;
And ever, when the moonlight shines,
She feeds before our door.

"The red-men say that here she walked
A thousand moons ago;
They never raise the war-whoop here,
And never twang the bow.

"I love to watch her as she feeds,
And think that all is well
While such a gentle creature haunts
The place in which we dwell."

The youth obeyed, and sought for game
In forests far away,
Where, deep in silence and in moss,
The ancient woodland lay.

But once, in autumn's golden time
He ranged the wild in vain,
Nor roused the pheasant nor the deer,
And wandered home again.

The crescent moon and crimson eve
Shone with a mingling light;
The deer, upon the grassy mead,
Was feeding full in sight.

He raised the rifle to his eye,
And from the cliffs around
A sudden echo, shrill and sharp,
Gave back its deadly sound.

Away, into the neighboring wood,
The startled creature flew,
And crimson drops at morning lay
Amid the glimmering dew.

Next evening shone the waxing moon
As brightly as before;
The deer upon the grassy mead
Was seen again no more.

But ere that crescent moon was old,
By night the red-men came,
And burnt the cottage to the ground,
And slew the youth and dame.

Now woods have overgrown the mead,
And hid the cliffs from sight;
There shrieks the hovering hawk at noon,
And prowls the fox at night.

New York, 1843.

"Home Library," 1844.

THE WANING MOON.

I'VE watched too late; the morn is near;
 One look at God's broad silent sky!
 Oh, hopes and wishes vainly dear,
 How in your very strength ye die!

Even while your glow is on the cheek,
 And scarce the high pursuit begun,
 The heart grows faint, the hand grows weak,
 The task of life is left undone.

See where, upon the horizon's brim,
 Lies the still cloud in gloomy bars;
 The waning moon, all pale and dim,
 Goes up amid the eternal stars.

Late, in a flood of tender light,
 She floated through the ethereal blue,
 A softer sun, that shone all night
 Upon the gathering beads of dew.

And still thou wanest, pallid moon!
 The encroaching shadow grows apace;
 Heaven's everlasting watchers soon
 Shall see thee blotted from thy place.

Oh, Night's dethroned and crownless queen!
 Well may thy sad, expiring ray
 Be shed on those whose eyes have seen
 Hope's glorious visions fade away.

Shine thou for forms that once were bright,
 For sages in the mind's eclipse,
 For those whose words were spells of might,
 But falter now on stammering lips!

In thy decaying beam there lies
 Full many a grave on hill and plain,
 Of those who closed their dying eyes
 In grief that they had lived in vain.

Another night, and thou among
 The spheres of heaven shalt cease to shine,
 All rayless in the glittering throng
 Whose lustre late was quenched in thine.

Yet soon a new and tender light
 From out thy darkened orb shall beam,
 And broaden till it shines all night
 On glistening dew and glimmering stream.

New York, 1844.

"Graham's Magazine," July, 1844.

Notes to Volume First.

NOTES.

THE dates given at the left hand of the poems in this edition show the time and place in which each of them was written. They have been derived, for most of the earlier poems, from a memorandum in the handwriting of the poet's wife; for others, from the knowledge of friends, or from the order in which they appeared in previous editions. The time and place of their first publication, at the right hand of each poem, the editor supplies from his own researches; but in a few instances these have been unsuccessful. It is supposed that these dates will be of some value in connection with the biography of the author, which will be issued from the press almost simultaneously with these volumes. The various readings are intended merely as specimens of the kinds of change the poet made, and not as exhaustive of the subject.

"THANATOPSIS." Page 13.

Mr. Bryant was himself for a while somewhat uncertain as to the precise time in which this poem was written. In answer to a gentleman, Mr. S. N. Holliday, who put the question to him, he wrote, under date of New York, March 15, 1855, as follows:

"I cannot give you any information of the occasion which suggested to my mind the idea of my poem 'Thanatopsis.' It was written when I was seventeen or eighteen years old—I have not now at hand the memorandums which would enable me to be precise—and I believe it was composed in my solitary rambles in the woods. As it was first committed to paper, it began with the half-line—'Yet a few days, and thee'—and ended with the beginning of another line with the words—'And make their bed with thee.' The rest of the poem—the introduction and the close—was added some years

afterward, in 1821, when I published a little collection of my poems at Cambridge."

He was seventeen years old November 3, 1811, and he wrote the poem shortly after he left Williams College, in the summer of that year. It was put away with others for revision, when his father found it, and procured it to be published in "The North American Review" of 1817. As this poem occupies so prominent a position in the history of American literature, I reproduce it here as it was originally written and printed. The reader will easily discover the changes made in it by the author between that time and 1821, when it was first given to the public in its present shape. It is needless to say that the four rhymed stanzas prefixed to it were not intended to accompany it, but, as they were found in the same package with "Thanatopsis," they were mistakenly supposed to be an introduction.
—EDITOR.

THANATOPSIS.

- "Not that from life and all its woes
The hand of death shall set me free;
Not that this head shall then repose
In the low vale most peacefully.
- "Ah, when I touch time's farthest brink,
A kinder solace must attend;
It chills my very soul to think
On that dread hour when life must end.
- "In vain the flattering verse may breathe
Of ease from pain and rest from strife,
There is a sacred dread of death
Inwoven with the strings of life.
- "This bitter cup at first was given
When angry Justice frowned severe;
And 'tis the eternal doom of heaven
That man must view the grave with fear.

"—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolv'd to earth again;

And, lost each human trace, surrend'ring up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix forever with the elements,
 To be a brother to th' insensible rock
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
 Shall send its roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

“ Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
 Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
 The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
 All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
 Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun, the vales
 Stretching in pensive quietness between,
 The venerable woods, the floods that move
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks
 That wind among the meads and make them green,
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are glowing on the sad abodes of death
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
 Of morning, and the Borean desert pierce,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 That veil the Oregon, where he hears no sound
 Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there,
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep. The dead reign there alone.
 So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall
 Unnoticed by the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? Thousands more
 Will share thy destiny. The tittering world
 Dance to the grave. The busy brood of care
 Plod on, and each one chases as before
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
 And make their bed with thee!”

Since the edition of 1821, certain lines have been further changed.
Thus, page 15, line 7:

“—the Barcan desert pierce,”
has been written :
“—traverse Barca’s desert sands,”
and then :
“—pierce the Barcan wilderness.”

Page 15, line 14, was originally :
“—and what if thou shouldst fall,
Unnoticed, by the living—”

Page 15, lines 25 and 26, stood in 1821 :
“The bowed with age, the infant in the smile
And beauty of its innocent age cut off.”

Page 16, line 3 :
“To that mysterious realm—”
read in 1821 :
“To the pale realms of shade—” —EDITOR.

“THE HUNTER: A SONG.” Page 17.

This song seems to have been a part of a projected Indian poem, begun in 1814-’15, but which the author did not continue. It went no further than a few fragments of introduction, in which it is evident that the description of natural objects would have formed a larger part than the narrative of events.—EDITOR.

“INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A WOOD.” Page 22.

“Thanatopsis,” as published in “The North American Review,” was immediately followed by a poem found in the same package with it, which was called “A Fragment,” but which has been since entitled, “An Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood.” As it has been considerably changed, like the “Thanatopsis,” I quote the original form. The wood referred to was at Cummington, Mass., nearly in front of the house now known as the Bryant Homestead.

“Stranger, if thou hast learnt a truth which needs
Experience more than reason, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery ; and hast known
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,

To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood,
 And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
 Shall bring a kinder calm, and the sweet breeze,
 That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
 To thy sick heart. Here thou wilt nothing find
 Of all that pained thee in the haunts of man,
 And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
 Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning Earth,
 But not in vengeance. Misery is wed
 To guilt. Hence in these shades we still behold
 The abodes of gladness; here from tree to tree
 And through the rustling branches flit the birds
 In wantonness of spirit: theirs are strains
 Of no dissembled rapture; while below
 The squirrel with raised paws and form erect
 Chirps merrily. In the warm glade the throngs
 Of dancing insects sport in the mild beam
 That waked them into life. Even the green trees
 Partake the deep contentment. As they bend
 To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
 Peeps in, and sheds a blessing on the scene.
 Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
 Existence, than the winged plunderer
 That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves
 And the old and ponderous of prostrate trees
 That lead from knoll to knoll, a causeway rude,
 Or bridge the sunken stream, and their dark roots,
 With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
 Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
 Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
 Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
 Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
 In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
 Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
 That dips its bill in water."

Here in "The North American Review" the poem ended.—EDITOR.

"THE WATERFOWL." Page 26.

In the second stanza of this poem I have restored the third verse as it originally stood. A friend of the author having made the objection that there was a slight mixture of metaphor in the image of a painted and a floating thing, he first altered the line so that it should read thus :

"As, darkly limned upon the crimson sky,"

which did not help, but rather hurt, the matter. For a while he held to the following change :

"As, darkly shadowed on the crimson sky";

but finally he adopted the line as it now stands :

"As, darkly seen against the crimson sky";

which seems to me tame, and to weaken the effect. Is not the objection itself hypercritical? Things that are merely *painted* on other things cannot, of course, have motion, and so far the image is incongruous; but the figure in this place is intended to bring out the contrast between the bright crimson of the sky and the dark object which moves along its surface, and in this aspect the figure is not only congruous, but strong and impressive. Be that as it may, the line has passed into nearly all men's memories as it was put down in the first glow of composition, and I think it ought to be so perpetuated. I observe that in Mr. Bryant's collection, named "A New Library of Poetry and Song," page 445, and in a late letter to R. H. Dana, he recurs to his earliest phrase.—EDITOR.

"THE BURIAL-PLACE." Page 28.

The first half of this fragment may seem to the reader borrowed from the essay on Rural Funerals in the fourth number of "The Sketch-Book." The lines were, however, written more than a year before that number appeared. The poem, unfinished as it is, would hardly have been admitted into this collection had not the author been unwilling to lose what had the honor of resembling so beautiful a composition.—AUTHOR.

"GREEN RIVER." Page 31.

This small stream is a tributary of the Housatonic, and runs near the village of Great Barrington. It has in late years lost many of the beauties which the poet celebrates.

Page 32, lines 4 and 5. Instead of these two lines, the edition of 1821 had :

“And the swimmer comes in the season of heat
To bathe in those waters so pure and sweet.”

“OH! FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS.” Page 39.

This poem was addressed, the year before their marriage, to the lady who became Mrs. Bryant. It is the only one of the love-poems of that period that he has cared to publish.—EDITOR.

“THE WEST WIND.” Page 41.

Page 41, line 4 :

“—the threaded foliage.”

“HYMN TO DEATH.” Page 46.

This poem, begun at Great Barrington in 1820, was interrupted by the death of the poet's father, Dr. Peter Bryant, to whom the solemn and tender lines at the close refer. It was not printed till 1825, when he became an editor of the “New York Review.”—EDITOR.

Page 48, line 2 :

“—smote even now.”

“THE AGES.” Page 53.

In all former editions this poem was placed, probably because it was the longest, at the beginning of the volume; but I have not thought it expedient to depart from the chronological order in which this work is now for the most part arranged. It was accompanied, in all the editions, by this note :

“In this poem, written and first printed in the year 1821, the author has endeavored, from a survey of the past ages of the world, and of the successive advances of mankind in knowledge, virtue, and happiness, to justify and confirm the hopes of the philanthropist for the future destinies of the human race.”

It may be added that it was written at the request of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, and read before it at the Commencement of the year 1821. More than “Thanatopsis” even, it contributed, if not to the establishment, to the diffusion, of the fame

of the poet; and from the time that it was published at Cambridge (Hillard & Metcalf, 1821), in a small, thin volume, he was recognized as occupying the highest place in our poetical literature.—EDITOR.

Stanza xv, line 7, in the first edition, read :

“As the rock shivers in the thunder-stroke.”

Stanza xv, line 5 :

“—beautiful vales.”

Stanza xxvi, line 6 :

“The broader glow of brightness shed to aid.”

Stanza xxx, line 4 :

“Subdued the shuddering realms to its dark sway.”

Stanza xxxi, line 4 :

“—the shrieking maid.”

Stanza xxxiv, lines 5 and 6, read :

“—chafe in vain

Against them, but shake off the vampyre train

That batten on her blood, and break their net.”

“AN AGRICULTURAL ODE.” Page 74.

Mr. Bryant wrote no less than three odes for the Berkshire Agricultural Society, in the welfare of which he took great interest. Only one of these he thought good enough to put in his book; but as the others are often reprinted in country and agricultural papers, it may be well, whatever defects may be found in them, to give them in their correct form. The first was sung at the celebration of October, 1817.
—EDITOR.

“When Time was in his youth, and Earth
Smiled fresh and beauteous from her birth;
Ere man against his brother's heart
Had barbed the spear and fledged the dart,
How calmly, to its latest rays,
Shone the long sabbath of his days!

“Not then to wave on martial brows
The guiltless laurel lent its boughs,
Nor for the triumphs of the sword
The feast was spread, the wine was poured,
When Death on battle's cumbered plain
Gathered the harvest of the slain.

“ But sinless came the festal day,
 And unrepented rolled away ;
 The patriarch to the altar-rock
 Led up the fairest of his flock,
 And offered, earliest of the year,
 The blooming grape and yellow ear.

“ Thus we at length with reverence due
 The ancient rites of Earth renew,
 Lo ! brought to swell her honors, rest
 The gifts we garner from her breast,
 The valley’s wreath, the mountain’s spoil,
 The trophies of untiring toil.

“ And these pure rites are suited well
 To the fair vales in which we dwell ;
 The traveller ere his eye shall meet
 And brighten at a spot more sweet,
 The breath of many a clime must try,
 And bear the suns of many a sky.

“ Yet years shall view them lovelier still ;
 Strong Labor leagued with patient Skill
 Shall smile, while bladeless sands are seen
 Beneath his steps to shoot with green,
 And call, where thorn and bramble frowned,
 His heavy harvests from the ground.”

The second was sung at the celebration of 1818 :

“ Since last our vales these rites admir’d,
 Another year has come and flown,
 But, where her rosy steps retir’d,
 Has left her gifts profusely strown.

“ No killing frost on germ and flower,
 To blast the hopes of Spring, was nigh ;
 No wrath condens’d the ceaseless shower,
 Or sealed the fountains of the sky.

“ But kindly suns, and gentle rains,
 And liberal dews, and airs of health,
 Reared the large harvests of the plains,
 And nurs’d the meadow’s fragrant wealth.

"As if the indulgent Power, who laid
 On man the great command to toil,
 Well pleas'd to see his will obeyed,
 Had touched, in love, the teeming soil.

"And here, while Autumn wanders pale
 Beneath the fading forest shade,
 Gathered from many a height and vale,
 The bounties of the year are laid.

"Here Toil, whom oft the setting sun
 Has seen at his protracted task—
 Demands the palm his patience won—
 And Art is come his wreaths to ask.

"Well may the hymn of victory flow,
 And mingle with the voice of mirth;
 While here are spread the spoils that show
 Our triumphs o'er reluctant Earth."

"THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT." Page 63, line 3:

"Her maiden veil, her own black hair," etc.

"The unmarried females have a modest falling down of the hair
 over the eyes."—ELIOT. AUTHOR.

"THE MASSACRE AT SCIO." Page 71.

This poem, written about the time of the horrible butchery of the
 Sciotes by the Turks, in 1824, has been more fortunate than most
 poetical predictions. The independence of the Greek nation which
 it foretold has come to pass, and the massacre, by inspiring a deeper
 detestation of their oppressors, did much to promote that event.—
 AUTHOR.

"MARCH." Page 72.

The last stanza originally stood thus :

"Then sing aloud the gushing rills,
 And the full springs from frost set free,
 That, brightly leaping down the hills,
 Are just set out to meet the sea."

“THE OLD MAN’S FUNERAL.” Page 80.

The death of the poet’s maternal grandfather, Deacon EBENEZER SNELL, was the occasion of these verses; and the Rev. Mr. Briggs, minister of the parish of Cummington, Mass., for many years, was the other hoary man who is supposed to have made the address, which contains, I suspect, a broader and more genial philosophy than was common at that time on the New England hills.—EDITOR.

Page 81, line 11, read :

“—cheerful he gave his being up.”

Page 81, line 21 :

“Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong.”

Page 81, line 23 :

“When his weak hand grew palsied.”

“THE RIVULET.” Page 82.

The stream to which these lines refer ran in front of the Bryant Homestead at Cummington, and does so still, but with the volume of water somewhat diminished. The author seems to have made in this poem, since it was written, several small changes.

Page 82, lines 12 and 13, originally read :

“To crop the violets on its brim,
And listen to the throstle’s hymn.”

Page 83, line 4. Originally these lines came in here :

“High visions then and lofty schemes,
Glorious and bright as fairy dreams,
And daring hopes that now to speak,” etc.

Page 83, line 11 :

“Yet tell in proud and grand decay.”

Page 83, line 16 :

“But thou gay, merry rivulet,
Dost dimple, play, and prattle yet.”

Page 83, lines 25 and 26 :

“As fresh the herbs that crowd to drink
The moisture of thy oozy brink.”

Page 84, line 22 :

“A few brief years shall pass away.”

"To —." Page 86.

This sonnet is, in some editions, entitled, "To Consumption." It was occasioned by the illness of the poet's favorite sister, Miss Sarah Bryant, afterward Mrs. Shaw—an accomplished and beautiful woman—who died of consumption at an early age, and in the first or second year of her marriage. There is an allusion to the same person in the lines "To the Past," and also in "The Death of the Flowers," both written some years later.—EDITOR.

"MONUMENT MOUNTAIN." Page 102.

The mountain called by this name is a remarkable precipice in Great Barrington, overlooking the rich and picturesque valley of the Housatonic, in the western part of Massachusetts. At the southern extremity is, or was a few years since, a conical pile of small stones, erected, according to the tradition of the surrounding country, by the Indians, in memory of a woman of the Stockbridge tribe who killed herself by leaping from the edge of the precipice. Until within a few years past, small parties of that tribe used to arrive from their settlement in the western part of the State of New York, on visits to Stockbridge, the place of their nativity and former residence. A young woman belonging to one of these parties related to a friend of the author the story on which the poem of "Monument Mountain" is founded. An Indian girl had formed an attachment for her cousin, which, according to the customs of the tribe, was unlawful. She was, in consequence, seized with a deep melancholy, and resolved to destroy herself. In company with a female friend she repaired to the mountain, decked out for the occasion in all her ornaments, and, after passing the day on the summit in singing with her companion the traditional songs of her nation, she threw herself headlong from the rock and was killed.—AUTHOR.

Page 104, line 1 :

"—these gray old rocks."

Page 105, line 13 :

"Have an unnatural horror in my ear."

Page 105, lines 21 and 22 :

"—and skins of wolf,
And shaggy bear—"

—EDITOR.

"AFTER A TEMPEST." Page 108.

Stanza i, lines 1 and 2, originally read :

"—a day of wind and storm,
The wind was laid, the storm was overpast."

In the fourth stanza, lines 6 and 7, there was a blemish which long escaped the poet's notice :

"And happy, living things that trod the bright
And beauteous scene—"

He suggested the correction of it in a conversation with his brother, Mr. John H. Bryant. He said in the same conversation, very modestly, that he was overwhelmed with work at the time several of these early pieces were written, or else he would have made them better. He might have made them different, but scarcely better.—

EDITOR.

"TO A CLOUD." Page 118.

Line 14 :

"Of waves that chafe their rocky bound."

"THE MURDERED TRAVELLER." Page 129.

Some years since, in the month of May, the remains of a human body, partly devoured by wild animals, were found in a woody ravine near a solitary road passing between the mountains west of the village of Stockbridge. It was supposed that the person came to his death by violence, but no traces could be discovered of his murderers. It was only recollected that one evening, in the course of the previous winter, a traveller had stopped at an inn in the village of West Stockbridge; that he had inquired the way to Stockbridge; and that, in paying the inn-keeper for something he had ordered, it appeared that he had a considerable sum of money in his possession. Two ill-looking men were present, and went out about the same time that the traveller proceeded on his journey. During the winter, also, two men of shabby appearance, but plentifully supplied with money, had lingered for a while about the village of Stockbridge. Several years afterward, a criminal, about to be executed for a capital offence in Canada, confessed that he had been concerned in murdering a

traveller in Stockbridge for the sake of his money. Nothing was ever discovered respecting the name or residence of the person murdered.
—AUTHOR.

Page 120, line 16 :
“Grew sorrowful and dim.”
Page 121, line 13 :
“So long they looked—”

“HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.” Page 122.
Line 6 :
“—come and round the heavens and go.”—EDITOR.

“THE LAPSE OF TIME.” Page 124.
Page 124, line 5 :
“See, how they come—”
Page 124, line 13 :
“Could I forego the hopes that glow.”
Page 124, line 15 :
“—the charming future.”
Page 129, line 9 :
“—that touch with livelier grace.”

“THE FOREST HYMN.” Page 130.
This was the last poem that Mr. Bryant wrote during his residence in the country, just before his removal to New York.
Page 131, lines 16–19 :

“—here are seen
No traces of man’s pomp or pride. No silks
Rustle ; no jewels shine ; nor envious eyes
Encounter. No fantastic carvings show,” etc.

A criticism of John Wilson (Christopher North) in “Blackwood’s Magazine” for 1832 induced the author to suppress these lines, and give the verses their present shape.—EDITOR.

Page 132, line 5 :
“—and visits the stray roots.”
Page 132, line 22 :
“—wide universe.”
Page 133, line 14 :
“Upon the sepulchre, and blooms and smiles.”

“JUNE.” Page 135.

After taking up his residence in New York in 1825, Mr. Bryant made a brief visit to Great Barrington, where he had lived for ten years. During this farewell visit, this poem was suggested to him; and, fifty-two years later, when his death occurred in the month of June, it was generally remarked how its tender wishes had turned into prophecy. He was buried in a rural cemetery at Roslyn, amid the sights and sounds,

“Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom,”

for which he supposes his soul would yearn even after death.—EDITOR.

“THE AFRICAN CHIEF.” Page 141.

The story of the African chief, related in this ballad, may be found in the “African Repository” for April, 1825. The subject of it was a warrior of majestic stature, the brother of Yarradee, king of the Solima nation. He had been taken in battle, and was brought in chains for sale to the Rio Pongas, where he was exhibited in the market-place, his ankles still adorned with massy rings of gold which he wore when captured. The refusal of his captors to listen to his offers of ransom drove him mad, and he died a maniac.—AUTHOR.

This poem was appropriated by one Fitzgerald, of England, who persisted in claiming it, until Mr. Bryant was compelled to publish a letter giving the time and place in which it was written, in order to establish his right of authorship.—EDITOR.

“THE GREEK PARTISAN.” Page 144.

Originally entitled “The Grecian Partisan.”

Page 144, line 5. Originally the verses read:

“And true and brave, though passing few,
Are they whose bosoms shield it;
Their life-blood shall its folds bedew,
Ere to the foe they yield it.”

Page 145, line 13:

“Oh! leave unreaped the ripened wheat.”

"THE FIRMAMENT." Page 148.

Originally called "The Skies."

Page 149, line 4:

"A song at their return."

"THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS." Page 157.

Page 157, line 3:

"—the summer leaves lie dead."

Page 157, line 7:

"Where are the flowers, the bright, gay flowers, that smiled beneath the feet,
With hues so passing beautiful, with breath so passing sweet."

Page 158, line 1:

"The rain is falling on their graves—"

Page 158, line 8:

"And the blossoms never smiled again—"

This poem, first printed in the "New York Review" for 1825, was afterward reprinted in "The Talisman" of 1829 as "The Close of Autumn." The reference in the last verses is to the sister before referred to in note on page 340.

"A MEDITATION ON RHODE ISLAND COAL." Page 160.

The epigraph to this poem is the only instance in all the poet's writings of a citation from a foreign language. At the time it was written, anthracite, or hard coal, was just coming into use. As originally published, the following stanza, making an allusion to J. Fenimore Cooper's "Lunch," otherwise known as the Bread and Cheese Club, was the final one:

"Heat will be cheap: a small consideration
Will put one in a way to raise his punch,
Set lemon-trees, and have a cane plantation.
'Twill be a pretty saving to the Lunch;
Then the West India negroes may go play
The banjo, and keep endless holiday."

—EDITOR.

"I CANNOT FORGET." Page 165:

This poem, as it appeared in the "New York Review," differed considerably from its present form, and I append it in its original

shape, as some of the stanzas* seem to me more fresh and striking than they are in the modified form.—EDITOR.

- * "I cannot forget the high spell that enchanted,
Nor the visions that brightened my earlier days ;
When verse was a passion, and warmly I panted
To wreath my young brows with unwithering bays.
- "And I bowed to the impulse with fervid devotion,
And gave my whole soul to the love of the lyre.
Each gaze at the glories of earth, sky, and ocean
To my kindled emotions was wind over fire.
- "And deep were my musings in life's opening blossom,
Midst the twilight of mountain groves wandering long ;
How thrilled my full veins and how beat my young bosom,
When over me came the wild spirit of song.
- "'Mong the high and hoar fells that for ages have listened
To the rush of the pebble-paved river between,
Where the kingfisher screamed, and gray precipice glistened,
All breathless with awe have I gazed on the scene ;
- "Till I felt the dark power o'er my reveries stealing,
From his throne in the depth of that stern solitude ;
And he breathed through my lips, in that tempest of feeling,
Strains full of his spirit, though artless and rude.
- "Yet, beautiful day-dreams ! ye shone as a warning
Of glooms that should frown when your glory should fade ;
Your halos were bright in the beams of my morning,
How quickly to vanish in storm and in shade !
- "I have mixed with the world, and its follies have stained me,
No longer your pure rural worshipper now ;
And even in those haunts where your spells once enchained me
Ye shrink from the signet of care on my brow.
- "In the old, mossy groves on the breast of the mountain,
In the deep, lonely glens where the waters complain,
By the shade of the rock, by the gush of the fountain,
I seek your loved footsteps, but seek them in vain.
- "Oh ! leave not forlorn and forever forsaken
Your pupil and victim to life and its tears ;
But sometimes return, and in mercy awaken
The glories ye showed to his earlier years."

“THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.” Page 169.

The despondency expressed in this poem grew out of the failure of the poet's literary schemes after coming to New York in 1825. But how he struggled against it may be seen in the very next piece, “Is this a Time to be Cloudy and Sad?”

“THE TWO GRAVES.” Page 176.

Two solitary graves were to be seen in a very secluded spot near the poet's early home at Cummington, which seem to have strongly affected his imagination. He wrote a poem about them even as a child, which his mother used to repeat to the other children; and here he recurs to the subject eighteen years later. Nothing was known of the persons buried in these graves, but a local tradition connected them with a husband and wife who had fled from the persecutions of Acadia.—EDITOR.

“THE CONJUNCTION OF JUPITER AND VENUS.” Page 180.

This conjunction was said in the common calendars to have taken place on the 2d of August, 1826. This, I believe, was an error, but the apparent approach of the planets was sufficiently near for poetical purposes.—AUTHOR.

“OCTOBER.” Page 184.

Mr. Bryant was always averse to repeating his own lines to others; but, when persuaded to do so, he commonly selected this poem, not, I suspect, because he considered it the best, but because it was among the shortest.—EDITOR.

“THE HURRICANE.” Page 195.

This poem is nearly a translation from one by José Maria de Heredia, a native of the island of Cuba, who published at New York, about the year 1825, a volume of poems in the Spanish language.—AUTHOR.

“WILLIAM TELL.” Page 124.

Neither this nor any of the other sonnets in the collection, with the exception of the one from the Portuguese, is framed according to

the legitimate Italian model, which, in the author's opinion, possesses no peculiar beauty for an ear accustomed only to the metrical forms of our own language. The sonnets in this collection are rather poems in fourteen lines than sonnets.*—AUTHOR.

“THE PAST.” Page 199.

Mr. Bryant, I infer from passages in his private letters, regarded this as the best poem he had written up to that time, in which opinion the late Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck agreed with him. Whether he surpassed it in later years many readers will doubt. The personal allusions in the last stanza are to his father and sister.

“THE GREEK BOY.” Page 207.

Soon after the poet came to New York, in 1825, he was made acquainted with a Grecian lad named Evangelides, who, having lost his relatives, in some of the tumults of the Greek revolution, I think, was brought to this country by an American sea captain to be educated. He was a fine, handsome-looking young fellow, of perfect Grecian type, and Mr. Robert W. Weir painted his portrait, which was engraved for “The Talisman,” and accompanied by Mr. Bryant's

* The same might be said of nearly all the sonnets written in the English language, since that form of verse was first borrowed from the Italians by Wyatt and Surrey. As learners, they followed closely, but not exactly, their masters, Petrarch and Dante. In its regular form the sonnet consists of two quatrains that repeat one pair of rhymes, and two triplets, repeating another pair, thus: 1. 2. 2. 1 : 1. 2. 2. 1 : 3. 4. 5 : 3. 4. 5, or, 3. 4. 5 : 4. 3. 5 ; but both Wyatt and Surrey diverged from the model so far as to introduce three regular quatrains closing with a couplet, or else twelve lines rhyming alternately and the concluding couplet. Sir Philip Sidney, Drummond, and Spenser adopt the Italian or the English fashion, as they please ; Milton adheres more strictly to the Italian form, but all of Shakespeare's famous series end in the couplet. In later times Wordsworth and Keats, though they both use the couplet, generally incline to the triplet. Keats, indeed, was dissatisfied with the accepted forms, and, in a piece beginning “If by dull rhymes our English must be chained,” endeavored, without much success, to construct a new form, the rhymes of which may be indicated thus: 1. 2. 3 : 1. 2. 4 : 3. 1. 2 : 3. 4. 5 : 4. 5. Shelley is also very irregular in his modes. Rosetti and Mrs. Browning are Italian. See Main's “Treasury of English Sonnets” for specimens in every variety of these forms.
—EDITOR.

lines. He was graduated in Columbia College, and then returned to his native land, where he served for a time as United States consul, and was of great use to his countrymen in establishing schools among them. Mr. Bryant, during one of his European voyages (1853), saw him accidentally from the ship's deck in the port of Syra, and afterward (1875) received from him the following letter, which will be read, I think, with interest in connection with the poem, written nearly fifty years before.—EDITOR.

“SYRA, *July 25, 1875.*

“DEAR, GOOD MAN, AND MUCH-BELOVED MR. BRYANT: I have no words in which to express my gratitude to you for the good you have done to Greece and to ‘The Greek Boy.’ I *owe* to the Americans and to you my education and present happiness. My country is free and I am free, and what is more, I am a believer in Christ, thanks to those who taught me. I tried to make the best use of the talent I received from our Heavenly Father through the American schools and the examples of their noble men. My remaining days are few; I am trying to spend them in the service of my Redeemer by doing all the good that I know and can do. It is not likely that we shall ever meet on earth: let us meet in heaven. I am the old man now who was once ‘The Greek boy,’ and have the pleasure to be your grateful and sincere friend,

“C. EVANGELIDES.”

Evangelides died in 1881.

“THE HUNTER’S SERENADE.” Page 209.

Papaya—papaw, custard-apple. Flint, in his excellent work on the geography and history of the Western States, thus describes this tree and its fruit:

“A papaw-shrub hanging full of fruits, of a size and weight so disproportioned to the stem, and from under long and rich-looking leaves, of the same yellow with the ripened fruit and of an African luxuriance of growth, is to us one of the richest spectacles that we have ever contemplated in the array of the woods. The fruit contains from two to six seeds like those of the tamarind, except that they are double the size. The pulp of the fruit resembles egg-custard in consistence and appearance. It has the same creamy feeling in the mouth, and unites the taste of eggs, cream, sugar, and spice. It is a natural custard, too luscious for the relish of most people.”

Chateaubriand, in his “Travels,” speaks disparagingly of the fruit of the papaw; but on the authority of Mr. Flint, who must know

more of the matter, I have ventured to make my Western lover enumerate it among the delicacies of the wilderness.—AUTHOR.

Page 209, line 10 :

“With thy sweet eyes and silver voice.”

Page 209, line 15 :

“The pawpaw’s stem is stooping
With yellow fruit for thee.”—EDITOR.

Page 210, line 11 :

“—has no more glorious sight.”—EDITOR.

“THE EVENING WIND.” Page 212.

In a volume entitled, “The Poets of America,” edited by Mr. John Keese, and illustrated by P. G. Chapman, this poem appears with an additional stanza, inserted between the third and fourth :

“Stoop o’er the place of graves and softly sway
The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone,
That they who near the churchyard willows stray,
And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,
May think of gentle souls who passed away,
Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown ;
Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,
And gone into the boundless heaven again.”

The lines were written at Mr. Keese’s suggestion, but seem not to have satisfied the poet, who did not retain them in any of his subsequent works, excepting “The New Library of Poetry and Song.” They may be, as Mr. Duyckinck observes (“Cyclopædia of American Literature,” vol. ii, p. 188), “in keeping with the sentiment of the piece,” but they dilute it, in my opinion, introducing a thought that seems a little fanciful, if not forced. Griswold, I perceive, has kept them in his collection of American poets.

The poet was somewhat disturbed because an English critic had pointed out that *boughs* and *bows*, in the third stanza, are to the ear, though not to the eye, identical rhymes. He made, as may be seen in his “Biography,” several attempts to amend the line, but, fortunately, without avail. Almost any change in a poem so exquisite would have been for the worse. Besides, Mr. Bryant had so many illustrious examples of slips of the same kind that he might easily

have quieted his poetical conscience by an appeal to precedents. Shakespeare, for instance (Sonnet xv), makes *moment* rhyme with *comment*. Milton, in his sonnet beginning, "Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth," makes *Ruth*, the proper name, rhyme with *ruth*, pity; and even the careful Tennyson ("In Memoriam") has "on Christmas eve" as a pendant to "the college eave." "In the Italian and other Latin languages," it is said, "words identical in sound, and even in orthography, are permissible as rhymes, provided the sense be different" (Main's "Treasury of Sonnets," p. 340).—EDITOR.

"WHEN THE FIRMAMENT," ETC. Page 214.

Page 214, line 9:

"—deep, rosy, and vast."

Page 215, line 8:

"Of the dawn that effaces the stars."

"INNOCENT CHILD." Page 216.

The second stanza was wanting in the first form of this poem.

Page 216, last line:

"Keep the whiteness of thine own heart."

"TO COLE." Page 219.

Page 219, line 3:

"—thy native land."

The author, after writing the sonnet, found that Cole was a native of England, who came to this country as a child.—EDITOR.

"SONG OF MARION'S MEN." Page 225.

The exploits of General Francis Marion, the famous partisan warrior of South Carolina, form an interesting chapter in the annals of the American Revolution. The British troops were so harassed by the irregular and successful warfare which he kept up at the head of a few daring followers that they sent an officer to remonstrate with him for not coming into the open field and fighting "like a gentleman and a Christian."—AUTHOR.

"THE PRAIRIES." Page 228.

Mr. Bryant first saw the great prairies of the West in 1832, while on a visit to his brothers, who were among the early settlers of the State of Illinois. This poem was the result of his visit.—EDITOR.

Page 228, line 13 :

"The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye."

The prairies of the West, with an undulating surface, *rolling prairies*, as they are called, present to the unaccustomed eye a singular spectacle when the shadows of the clouds are passing rapidly over them. The face of the ground seems to fluctuate and toss like billows of the sea.—AUTHOR.

Page 228, line 17 :

"The prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not."

I have seen the prairie-hawk balancing himself in the air for hours together, apparently over the same spot, probably watching his prey.—AUTHOR.

Page 230, lines 3 and 4 :

"—These ample fields
Nourished their harvests."

The size and extent of the mounds in the valley of the Mississippi indicate the existence, at a remote period, of a nation at once populous and laborious, and therefore probably subsisting by agriculture.—AUTHOR.

Page 223, line 6 :

"—The rude conquerors
Seated the captive with their chiefs."

Instances are not wanting of generosity like this among the North American Indians toward a captive or survivor of a hostile tribe on which the greatest cruelties had been exercised.—AUTHOR.

"EARTH." Page 238.

The author began this poem in rhyme. The following is the first draught of it as far as he proceeded, in a stanza which he found it convenient to abandon :

"A midnight black with clouds is on the sky ;
A shadow like the first original night

Folds in, and seems to press me as I lie ;
 No image meets the vainly wandering sight,
 And shot through rolling mists no starlight gleam
 Glances on glassy pool or rippling stream.

“ No ruddy blaze, from dwellings bright within,
 Tinges the flowering summits of the grass ;
 No sound of life is heard, no village din,
 Wings rustling overhead or steps that pass,
 While, on the breast of Earth at random thrown,
 I listen to her mighty voice alone.

“ A voice of many tones : deep murmurs sent
 From waters that in darkness glide away,
 From woods unseen by sweeping breezes bent,
 From rocky chasms where darkness dwells all day,
 And hollows of the invisible hills around,
 Blent in one ceaseless, melancholy sound.

“ O Earth ! dost thou, too, sorrow for the past ?
 Mourn'st thou thy childhood's unreturning hours,
 Thy springs, that briefly bloomed and faded fast,
 The gentle generations of thy flowers,
 Thy forests of the elder time, decayed
 And gone with all the tribes that loved their shade ?

“ Mourn'st thou that first fair time so early lost,
 The golden age that lives in poet's strains,
 Ere hail or lightning, whirlwind, flood, or frost
 Scathed thy green breast, or earthquakes whelmed thy plains,
 Ere blood upon the shuddering ground was spilt,
 Or night was haunted by disease and guilt ?

“ Or haply dost thou grieve for those who die ?
 For living things that trod awhile thy face,
 The love of thee and heaven, and now they lie
 Mixed with the shapeless dust the wild winds chase ?
 I, too, must grieve, for never on thy sphere
 Shall those bright forms and faces reappear.

“ Ha ! with a deeper and more thrilling tone,
 Rises that voice around me : 'tis the cry
 Of Earth for guilt and wrong, the eternal moan
 Sent to the listening and long-suffering sky,
 I hear and tremble, and my heart grows faint,
 As midst the night goes up that great complaint.”

"THE CHILD'S FUNERAL." Page 250.

The incident on which this poem is founded was related to the author while in Europe, in a letter from an English lady. A child died in the south of Italy, and when they went to bury it they found it revived and playing with the flowers which, after the manner of that country, had been brought to grace his funeral.—AUTHOR.

"LIFE." Page 262.

"Where Isar's clay-white rivulets run
Through the dark woods like frightened deer."

Close to the city of Munich, in Bavaria, lies the spacious and beautiful pleasure-ground called the English garden, in which these lines were written, originally projected and laid out by our countryman Count Rumford, under the auspices of one of the sovereigns of the country. Winding walks of great extent pass through close thickets and groves interspersed with lawns; and streams, diverted from the river Isar, traverse the grounds swiftly in various directions, the water of which, stained with the clay of the soil it has corroded in its descent from the upper country, is frequently of a turbid-white color.—AUTHOR.

"THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS." Page 266.

This song refers to the expedition of the Vermonters, commanded by Ethan Allen, by whom the British fort of Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, was surprised and taken in May, 1775.—AUTHOR.

"THE DEATH OF SCHILLER." Page 278.

Shortly before the death of Schiller he was seized with a strong desire to travel in foreign countries, as if his spirit had a presentiment of its approaching enlargement, and already longed to expatiate in a wider and more varied sphere of existence.—AUTHOR.

Third stanza, line 2. Originally:

"—the bearded Tartar."

Fifth stanza, line 3:

"Till death set free his soul of fire

To plunge into its fitting sphere."—Ed. 1842.

In this edition there was an additional stanza, since suppressed :

“Then, who shall tell, how deep, how bright
The abyss of glory opened round?
How thought and feeling flowed like light,
Through ranks of being without bound.” —EDITOR.

“THE FUTURE LIFE.” Page 280.

It is needless to inform the reader that these verses were addressed to the wife of the poet. There is a pendant to them, called “The Life that Is,” written nineteen years later, in vol. ii. In connection with these two poems, the poem entitled “October, 1866,” to be found in the same volume, may be read, with the note referring to the series.—EDITOR.

“THE FOUNTAIN.” Page 282.

“The flower
Of sanguinaria, from whose brittle stem
The red drops fell like blood.”

The *Sanguinaria Canadensis*, or bloodroot, as it is commonly called, bears a delicate white flower of a musky scent, the stem of which breaks easily, and distils a juice of a bright-red color.—AUTHOR.

Page 284, line 11 :

“Gashed horribly by tomahawks. The woods—”—Ed. 1842.

Page 285, line 20 :

“Swelled loud and shrill the cry of chanticleer.”—Ib.

This poem, “The Evening Reverie,” “Noon,” and several others in blank verse, were originally printed as parts of “an unfinished poem,” which, however, is not to be found among the poet’s papers; nor is it possible now to tell in what way they were to be joined in a larger composition. Having travelled a great deal in all parts of our country, he was familiar with the experiences of settlers in different regions, and it may be conjectured that he contemplated a poem in which the aspects of American nature and life as they are seen from the shores of Massachusetts to the prairies of the great West should be presented in a series of pictures connected by a narrative of per-

sonal adventures, as Wordsworth has connected the principal parts of his "Excursion" by the story of his pedler. He never, however, disclosed his plan to any one, and even this suggestion is mere guess-work.

Mr. Bryant projected, at different times in his life, poems of greater length than any he had written, but was so absorbed in actual occupations that he never went far with them. One of these was an Indian poem, which he merely began in his youth, and abandoned. Another was the story of a hermit, who in his hut in the depths of the woods relates his experiences to certain lads who had in some way discovered his retreat. A third was to be founded on the story of a spectre ship, told by Cotton Mather in his "Magnalia Christi," but from this, he says in a letter, he was diverted because he found that Mr. Irving had handled the same subject. I do not discover to what story of Irving he refers, unless it be that of "The Storm Ship," introduced into the narrative of Dolph Heylinger, where it is merely said, in a note, that the fancy of a solitary vessel that came from year to year, bringing supplies to the needy colonists, like the raven in the wilderness, was a common superstition along the American coast (Irving's Works, "Bracebridge Hall," p. 425, ed. 1860). One of these—the same, doubtless, that Mr. Bryant had in his mind—Mr. Longfellow has briefly versified. See

"In Mather's 'Magnalia Christi,'
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme." —EDITOR.

"IN MEMORY OF LEGGETT." Page 292.

William Leggett, who for many years was an associate of the poet in the editorship of the New York "Evening Post," died in 1839, leaving behind him a great reputation as a journalist. In a notice of him, written for that paper, Mr. Bryant said:

"As a political writer Mr. Leggett attained a high rank. He wrote with great fluency and extraordinary vigor. He saw the strong points of a question at a glance, and had the skill to place them before his readers with a force, clearness, and amplitude of statement and illustration rarely to be found in the writings of journalists. When he became warmed with his subject, which

was not unfrequently the case, his discussions had all the stirring power of extemporaneous eloquence. His fine endowments he wielded for worthy purposes. He espoused the cause of the largest liberty and the most comprehensive equality of human rights among the human race, and warred against those principles which inculcate distrust of the people and those schemes of legislation which tend to create an artificial inequality in the conditions of men. He was wholly free, and in this respect his example ought to be held up to journalists as a model to contemplate and copy, from the besetting sin of their profession—a mercenary and time-serving disposition. A sincere lover and follower of truth, he never allowed any of those spurious reasons for inconsistency which disguise themselves under the name of expediency to seduce him for a moment from the support of the opinions which he deemed right and the measures which he was convinced were just. What he would not yield to the dictates of interest he was still less disposed to yield to the suggestions of fear. We sorrow that such a man, so clear-sighted, so strong-minded and magnanimous, has passed away, and that his aid is no more to be given to the conflict which truth and liberty maintain with their numerous and powerful enemies.”
—EDITOR.

“THE OLD MAN’S COUNSEL.” Page 293.

I remember hearing an aged man, in the country, compare the slow movement of time in early life, and its swift flight as it approaches old age, to the drumming of a partridge or ruffed grouse in the woods—the strokes falling slow and distinct at first, and following one another more and more rapidly, till they end at last in a whirling sound.—AUTHOR.

The aged man here spoken of was the poet’s grandfather, Deacon Snell, of Cummington.—EDITOR.

Page 294, line 10 :

“The shad-bush, white with flowers,
Brightened the glens.”

The small tree named by the botanists *Aronia Botryapium* is called in some parts of our country the shad-bush, from the circumstance that it flowers about the time that the shad ascend the rivers in early spring. Its delicate sprays, covered with white blossoms before the trees are yet in leaf, have a singularly beautiful appearance in the woods.—AUTHOR.

"A DREAM." Page 300.

An error in the fourth stanza of this poem, where it is said, "the flowers had flown"—not the birds of the preceding stanza—shows how long a misprint may be perpetuated, in spite of the vigilance of author, proof-reader, and critic. It occurred in the edition of 1842, and has been repeated in every subsequent edition. Mr. Bryant's attention was once called to it, when he expressed surprise, and promised to correct it, but he never did.—EDITOR.

"THE PAINTED CUP." Page 303.

The Painted Cup—*Euchroma coccinea*, or *Bartsia coccinea*—grows in great abundance in the hazel prairies of the Western States, where its scarlet tufts make a brilliant appearance in the midst of the verdure. The Sangamon is a beautiful river, tributary to the Illinois, bordered with rich prairies.—AUTHOR.

"A HYMN OF THE SEA." Page 310.

"The long wave rolling from the southern pole
To break upon Japan."

"Breaks the long wave that at the pole began" (Tennent's "Anster Fair"). AUTHOR.

"THE RETURN OF YOUTH." Page 313.

Stanza 1, line 6:

"And prompt the tongue the generous thought to speak."—Ed. 1842.

"NOON." Page 315.

"At noon the Hebrew bowed the knee
And worshipped."

"Evening and morning, and at noon, will I pray and cry aloud,
and he shall hear my voice" (Psalm lv, 17). AUTHOR.

"THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER." Page 321.

"During the stay of Long's Expedition at Engineer Cantonment, three specimens of a variety of the common deer were brought in,

having all the feet white near the hoofs, and extending to those on the hind-feet from a little above the spurious hoofs. This white extremity was divided, upon the sides of the foot, by the general color of the leg, which extends down near to the hoofs, leaving a white triangle in front, of which the point was elevated rather higher than the spurious hoofs" (Godman's "Natural History," vol. ii, p. 314).—AUTHOR.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.



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